CALIFORNIA'S NEW BROOMS **GEOFFREY COWAN**

THE NATION

MAY 10, 1975 *50 cents*

Nooman

DAVID V. EDWARDS

Military Force, Citizen Allegiance and the Energy of the World

THE REAL LESSONS OF VIETNAM

BRUCE J. ALLYN
The Institution of Action
A TASTE OF
WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE

THAILAND

Democracy's Race Against Time

LARRY DIAMOND

Leonard Kri **vey Swados**

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LETTERS

opinion in New Jersey

New York City

"New Jersey's TV Blackout" by Daniel Gaby [*The Nation*, Apr. 5] . . .contains a flagrant misstatement of fact that you should correct, to wit, that a consistent majority of the New Jersey electorate favor a state income tax if it is coupled with property tax relief . . . .The political fakers in control of the New Jersey governmental apparatus would be only too delighted to submit the proposed state income tax to a voter referendum if they thought the voters would favor it. . . .

Robert Ambry

Maplewood, N.J.

Much as some people might like to believe to the contrary, a majority of the citizens of New Jersey do, indeed, favor an income tax if coupled with a reduction in the local property tax.

This fact has been established repeatedly in polls conducted by the New Jersey Poll of the Eagleton Institute of Politics of Rutgers University since February 1972, when such a tax was favored by a margin of 57 per cent to 30 per cent, with 13 per cent undecided. Since then, there has been a total of eight separate polls on the same question, and in all but one the results were the same.

In the most recent poll, released on April 7 . . . 51 per cent favored the reform, 41 per cent opposed it and 9 per cent were undecided. Even more interesting, perhaps, is that . . . the poll reveals remarkably consistent support for the tax reform among Democrats, Republicans and independents; among liberals and conservatives; among home owners and renters; among low- and higher-income groups; in the center city and suburbs and in all regions of the state.

Daniel M. Gaby

saying no to commonwealth

New Orleans, La.

Stephen Murray's "The Marianas: New Outpost of Empire" [*The Nation*, Apr. 19] is a good summary of the current political situation there, but one important point must be made about the opposition to commonwealth status. One-third of the inhabitants of the Marianas are Carolinians, descendants of people who sailed up to Saipan from the Truk district in seagoing canoes . . . at the beginning of the 19th century. . . .The main Carolinian political association on Saipan has always been lukewarm to the blandishments of the American commonwealth proselytizers, and many Carolinians have joined with the vocal Chamorro group in opposing commonwealth. The forthcoming plebiscite on commonwealth is thus not the sure victory for the commonwealth forces which Mr. Murray seems to concede.

Donald Juneau

Lorenz or Skinner?

North Dartmouth, Mass.

Gerard Piel's "The New Hereditarians" [*The Nation*, Apr. 19] is very fine. . . . However, no one who has read Lorenz's works, especially his early works, would ever claim that he has "missed almost completely the ontogeny that recapitulates phylogeny in behavior." In fact, this was one of the features that he used to classify species: by behavior, both that of the developing young and that of adults.

Maybe Skinner has done this, but not Lorenz!

Theo J. Kalikow, Department of Philosophy
Southeastern Massachusetts University

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

The X Factor

The Rockefeller Commission and the Senate committee chaired by Sen. Frank Church should give immediate attention to an assessment of why the intelligence services failed to anticipate the collapse of the regime in South Vietnam. Most responsible criticism of the CIA has concentrated on its covert activities and the need for closer Congressional supervision; it has been generally assumed that the agency was doing a fairly creditable job of intelligence-gathering and evaluation. This assumption can no longer be accepted. Richard J. Levine, who covers military affairs for *The Wall Street Journal* in its Washington bureau, reports (April 23) that "rarely has a Defense Secretary been so probably and consistently wrong as James Schlesinger was in his public statements about the Vietnam war last month." He then sets forth the particulars in precise detail.

Any intelligence agency can make mistakes, not only by relying on erroneous data or the wrong sources but when evaluating accurate information. In Vietnam, however, the intelligence work has been distorted by deliberate misrepresentation. The agency has suppressed or put a gloss on information that did not support its favorite theses. Samuel Adams, a former CIA analyst, asserts in the current *Harper's* that his reports were ignored and that his memos protesting the cavalier attitude exhibited toward unpleasant data were also brushed aside. Again, the specifications are precise and detailed. Other reporters have commented on Ambassador Graham Martin's practice of sending Washington reports that fitted his theories of what was happening in Vietnam. So the Rockefeller Commission and the Church committee must take the time to go thoroughly into the intelligence-gathering functions of the CIA including, especially, minute examination of charges that the agency twisted the reports it fed Washington to the kinds of conclusion that it assumed would be most favorably received. That is a serious allegation and demands a conclusive answer.

But another aspect of the problem that should be investigated is what might be called the X factor. It relates to the kinds of personnel the CIA has recruited, more specifically the kinds of talent it has systematically excluded. The OSS under General Donovan was a freewheeling service that recognized the wisdom of having on its staff some unconventional thinkers who knew a bit about left-wing politics, Marxist theory and, generally, non-Establishment ideologies. Donovan, by some reports, did not mind that some of these individuals had left-wing sympathies; if they were intelligent, if they were intellectually honest and had special insights, he welcomed their point of view. But when the CIA was set up, the "old boy" ties which had been present even in the OSS were strengthened and the agency went to great lengths, in the name of "security," to weed out those who harbored unconventional ideas or political attitudes that did not fit the "anti-Communist" ideology of the cold war. And in recruiting personnel, a conscious effort was made to select individuals who, by training, background and reference, were thought to be immune to any kind of sympathy with or understand-

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ing of Left politics. For example, in known cases, the agency sought out men of Catholic background and education, often from aspiring lower-middle-class ethnic families. It is a fair inference that such staffing policies have weighted the agency down with ideologues of the E. Howard Hunt variety, who may have technical competence and strong anti-Communist views, but lack the kind of political insights and backgrounds needed to assess, in realistic fashion, certain situations. So it is not merely the covert side of the CIA—which President Ford so stoutly defends—that must be scrutinized but also its intelligence-gathering functions and performance and its staffing policies.

The Portuguese Franchise

While the vote returns from Portugal can be analyzed and manipulated in a variety of ways, they contain distinct messages from the nation's citizens: (*1*) Allowed to vote for the first time in half a century, the Portuguese flooded the polls. More than 90 per cent voted, a participation level undreamed of in the United States. (*2*) Well over 80 per cent voted for one of a variety of self-defined Socialist groups, including splinter organizations and the Communist Party and its ally, the Portuguese Democratic Movement. These two parties, which seem to be in the Soviet camp, were supported by roughly a sixth of the voters. (*3*) Almost two-thirds voted for the Socialist Party or the Popular Democrats, also a non-Communist, Socialist group. (*4*) The reactionary Social Democratic Center received only 7.5 per cent.

So, despite American media malarkey about a "moderate" sweep, the elections were a clear-cut victory for socialism. The third-place finish of the well-organized Communists was probably due to decades of anti-Communist propaganda as well as legitimate fears of Sovietism. Not even a conscious effort by the Communists to project a relatively liberal image was able to overcome the party's double bogey.

Henry Kissinger's forewarnings of gloom and doom in Portugal have been dashed by the hard facts of the elections. Although it is difficult to know just how the military leaders there will respond to the election's revelation of popular intention, it seems likely that, left to themselves, the Portuguese have a shot at building a free and democratic socialism. If they succeed, the Portuguese system might prove a model for other peoples now subjugated by U.S.-backed reactionary regimes. That seems to be what Kissinger fears above all else: a demonstration of democratic socialism. Given the Chilean experience, it is reasonably thinkable that an enduring Socialist (as opposed to social democratic) government in Lisbon might lead Kissinger or a like-minded successor to call out the bully boys and try to restore capitalist autocracy.

It won't work. Portuguese Socialists have what Socialists of all stripes the world over have been seeking for more than a century: overwhelming popular support. That, combined with a democratically oriented military, would presumably guarantee their ultimate success. And while the present military leaders seem still uncertain about their long-range goals and values, they are hardly likely to embrace American-backed tyranny.

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MAY 7 '75

Mario Soares, the Socialist Party leader (and *Nation* contributor; see "The Legacy of Salazar," April 17, 1972) has reportedly said an American "get-tough" policy toward Portugal would result in a "Chilean-style solution," since it would buttress remaining right-wing, anti-democratic forces in the country, forces which retain a strong economic motive for fighting socialism. He rightly fears that the tentative gains won in April might be lost through Kissinger-CIA efforts at some future date. Portugal has a right to self-determination. It seems to have the great asset of a citizenry willing to call for social and economic justice. Its independence must be guarded jealously.

Kaunda's Toast

Just a day or two before the story broke about Daniel Patrick Moynihan's imminent displacement of John Scali as Washington's Ambassador to the United Nations, Kenneth Kaunda, President of Zambia, was at the White House, succinctly describing why the United States is no longer a hero at the U.N. "America must heed the call of the oppressed," Kaunda said in an extraordinarily critical White House dinner toast. A leader in negotiations to avert bloodshed in Zimbabwe (which some call Rhodesia), Kaunda asked that America do its part for African peace by immediately ending support for white minority governments.

Instead, America at the U.N. has been behaving like the standard-bearer of prosperous white people everywhere and has done it so long and so convincingly that Third World nations have come to identify American goals in those terms. Moynihan, the recent Ambassador to India, recognizes this; he writes in the March issue of *Commentary* that Third World nations see the United States as "quintessentially capitalist." In the last General Assembly, he notes, "We were frequently reduced to a voting bloc which, with variations, consisted of ourselves, Chile and the Dominican Republic."

Since he would be a Kissinger-Ford emissary at the U.N., it is difficult to believe that during his tenure there would be any real shift from the recent American tendency to attack what Scali has called the "tyranny of the majority"—a majority that has been at odds with Kissinger and Ford on, among other things, South Africa and Israel. Moynihan does say there has been a "massive failure of American diplomacy" in dealing with the Third World; he decries, for example, what he says has been insufficient concern for independence and democracy in India.

But he also proposes that the United States "go into opposition," aggressively advocating what he sees as the advantages of liberal capitalism, understanding the sources of Third World economic anti-Americanism and pointing out the shortcomings in the actions of those nations according to the liberal capitalist ideal. His prose often defies easy capsulization, yet it is clear that what he advocates would differ at least in tone from wounded ranting against the Third World's anti-American U.N. stance.

It is also clear that it would be less than responsive to Kaunda's toast. Moynihan is a charmer; perhaps more than any other widely known academic, he has the knack of convincing various irreconcilable interests that, deep down, his sensibility is with each of them. Few others could have made his Nixon-era "benign neglect" comments and still be tolerated in many sectors of the liberal community. But Kaunda is calling for substantive action, not image changing. A rational African policy consistent with expressed American ideals would long ago have cut off relations with Vorster's South Africa and stopped playing pussyfoot with the white minority in Rhodesia. Moynihan's replacement of Scali may give the American Mission at the U.N. some polish, but scarcely promises to reorder the substance of its rear-guard strategy.

Corporate Slush Funds

The shape of a scandal comparable to Watergate is beginning to emerge. At the moment it can be read only between the lines, in hints and fragments, but enough is known to suggest its dimensions. The secret political slush funds of major American corporations, which were disclosed as part of the Watergate inquiries, constitute the first phase of the emerging scandal. Not only were these funds paid out illegally but they were diverted by devious means which failed to arouse the curiosity of well-known auditing firms. But more recently, a larger and more significant issue is beginning to emerge—large secret corporate funds used to bribe various officials overseas. The $1.25-million bribe which United Brands paid to officials in Honduras and the $750,000 it paid to officials in Italy is a case in point. But what about Gulf Oil's $10.3-million political slush fund? Gulf, the nation's eighth largest corporation, secretly diverted $10.3 million into such a fund between 1960 and 1973. The usual tricky "laundering" procedures were used. Of the total, $5.4 million was returned to this country, and a sizable portion of it was used for illegal campaign contributions. But the rest of the $10.3-million fund was distributed overseas in cash, or so the SEC has charged. For what? To whom? Were these funds treated as legitimate business expenses for tax purposes? More important, what are the implications in terms of our relations with other countries? Isn't it a distinctly unfriendly act for American corporations to suborn officials of friendly nations?

Northrop Corp. has asked the SEC to keep secret many details concerning $30 million it has paid to "consultants and agents" in connection with overseas sales. According to *The Wall Street Journal,* Northrop wants kept secret 54 pages of a 5-inch thick document containing the results of an Ernst & Ernst audit which reported on these expenditures. One section is headed "Unusual Payments to Third Parties," including "Special Payments to Iranian Attorney," "Special Payment to Indonesian Agent" and "Special Payment to Libyan Agent." Northrop contends that the nature of these payments should be guarded to protect "proprietary secrets" and also to protect its "relations with the individuals involved." Northrop is of course one of the largest exporters of U.S. warplanes. Iran and Libya have both purchased Northrop fighters.

The little that is now known about the overseas uses of these corporate political slush funds strongly suggests that there is much more to come. The appropriate Congressional committees and government agencies should get to work on this most intriguing and significant issue. Just how much, overall, have U.S. corporations paid overseas to

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bribe or pay off officials of other governments? How much of this total has been deducted as a legitimate expense of doing business? To what extent have these bribes undercut aspects of U.S. foreign policy, or to what extent have they been paid out to advance "secret" U.S. policy objectives? It is a fair inference that the total of such overseas payments may well exceed the total paid out by the corporations in illegal campaign contributions.

And there is an ugly inference buried in the known facts. Corporate officials who would violate federal laws governing campaign contributions by using false bookkeeping entries and bogus invoices, and who would bribe foreign officials, can be expected to have few scruples about bribing local, state and federal officials. Illegal campaign contributions are in effect bribes, or in gentler terms, funds paid to buy influence or to insure a friendly hearing. The 500 largest U.S. corporations and all corporations engaged in overseas transactions should be compelled to disclose secret political funds where they have existed, in any form, within a specific period—amounts, methods of payment, names, purposes—if only by way of checking on the legitimacy of their tax returns.

The Power to Appoint

Because so much of the judiciary and bureaucracy is staffed by appointment rather than by election, politicians with access to the selection process have considerable influence on the lives of those affected by judicial, administrative or regulatory decisions. Perhaps in no case is this more true than in the recommendations by U.S. Senators of appointments to the federal courts. What Senators do in this generally little observed area may say more about their concern for their constituents than do their speeches or symbolic votes.

Senators not only have veto power as a group over nominees to the federal bench but each individually can block nominations from within his state. And Senators from the President's party can usually select whomever they wish for nomination. These various Senatorial traditions have resulted, on occasion, in one-Senator, one-judge selections rather than appointment by merit.

Even the American Bar Association rating system makes little impression on this pattern. Neither Senator Weicker's nominee, the former Connecticut Gov. Thomas Meskill, nor Senator Javits' nominee, Mark Costantino, initially received any votes from the ABA. Javits' response was to lobby the ABA until it changed its rating; Weicker's was to push Meskill's nomination regardless.

Jack Newfield reports in *The Village Voice* that Costantino's performance on the U.S. District Court bench has been such that his reversal record on appeal is at least several times worse than that of his colleagues. Although in exceptional cases reversals may be irrelevant to the quality of a judge's work, Newfield says analysis of the cases involved shows that Costantino "is reversed because he apparently doesn't understand existing law." Federal attorneys report that he has spent less time on the bench than other judges in his district, Newfield writes, adding that court personnel have said they found Costantino too drunk on one occasion last year to receive a jury's verdict. One of Costantino's colleagues on the bench told Newfield plainly: "He just isn't qualified to be a federal judge." But his appointment is for life, and every decision he writes, every mistake he makes, every instance of improper conduct he engages in will bear Jacob Javits' endorsement.

Meskill's record in the courts is skimpy. As Jerry Landauer reported in *The Wall Street Journal*, the former Governor has never faced a jury in federal court, never taken a case to the U.S. Court of Appeals. Weicker and the Senate have given the nation an appellate judge with meager legal experience and no special scholarly distinction. Meskill's vote could tip many a decision; his work will have considerable impact. Yet his qualifications were so problematic that thirty-six Senators voted against his confirmation. It was a startling rebuke to administer to a beneficiary of Senatorial courtesy and a tentative sign that this unhealthy tradition may be weakening.

Javits and Weicker have performed scandalously in these appointments, clearly so by comparison with Senator Percy's fine use of his appointment power in Illinois. Thanks to Percy, the federal bench there has been improved and the U.S. Attorney's office in Chicago, now headed by James Thompson, has been radically upgraded. Reports are that the political climate has begun to change with them. Another liberal Republican, Senator Case of New Jersey, has significantly helped his state by selecting Herbert Stern as U.S. Attorney and then seeing to it that he received a federal judgeship. And many of the federal judges in New York have compiled first-rate records.

But Javits and Weicker—whatever their reasons, and they don't really matter—have chosen on at least one occasion each to promote inexperience or incompetence. The power of appointment is great—think what a conscientious President could do if the replacement of patronage appointees by dedicated public servants were made a priority—and carries with it equally great responsibility. Poor choices call for exposure before they are confirmed for life (or shorter terms in the regulatory and executive bureaucracy). Politicians who make them should be confronted and opposed.

Ill Fares the Land

More than 1,000 Americans concerned for the future of the rural land gathered in Washington last month for a meeting that, though generally underplayed by the national media, may prove one of the most significant of recent years. Perhaps stimulated by the example of China, many are coming to believe that the future of the nation is not in its cities, that rural America needs support and rebuilding, that the failure of the cities may be related to the exploitation of those who live on or near the farm.

At the conference, organized in part to promote a new organization called Rural America, Inc., Barry Commoner advocated an analysis of rural life that seems both innovative and trenchant. The nation's farmers, he said, are gripped by "domestic imperialism." He told the group, "the giant industrial corporations have made a colony out of rural America." Like colonized people everywhere, rural Americans are realizing they've been short-changed, that others are profiting from their financial hardship. Social services—roads, transportation, housing, schools, doctors, health services and so on—are generally inferior in rural

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areas, largely because they receive disproportionately low federal subsidies. Wages, too, are lower. Exploitation of resources and attendant environmental destruction by conglomerates has become particularly oppressive, especially since coal is now at a premium.

Many participants in the conference seemed to agree that one task they face is learning how to organize themselves and those they represent to receive a fair share of national support. With roughly one-fourth the nation's population, political power is there if it can be developed. The agri-activists are looking for ways to attract attention to their problems and get some backing—not handouts—so they can help themselves.

Two factors are beginning to work in their favor. The migration to the cities that industrial capitalism fostered seems to be turning around. Among the emigrants back to the land are those who want to make rural life work, who want to join with those already there to reinvigorate the nation's land, both out of political commitment and the desire to live a decent, relatively unpolluted life. Once organized—and the forming of Rural America, Inc. seems to be a good start—they can work in unison to divert squandered national resources to the productive task of building a strong farmland. A new spirit seems to be growing in rural America. Critical thought is joining with love of the land. Montana ranchers, among others, are rebelling against the destruction of their region by the energy combines. Small farmers are beginning to struggle against massive corporate irrigation systems that are destroying their ability to survive. Senators Abourezk, Clark and McGovern have all responded to the problems of rural America and have committed themselves to work for change. But the real solutions, as speakers at the conference said, must come from the rural residents themselves.

Why Not Ask the Hired Help?

Arthur L. Murtagh

"The federal bureaucracy controls a vast conglomerate of people who walk more and more submissively to the dictates of their superiors. Our federal employees have lost many important political rights. *CSC v. Letter Carriers,* 413 US 548, held that they could be barred from taking 'an active part in political management or in political campaigns,' a restriction that some of us thought to be unconstitutional." This quote from a dissenting opinion of Justice William O. Douglas in 1974 suggests how easy it was for J. Edgar Hoover and others to garner enormous power which ultimately corrupted them and the institutions they headed.

The American citizen was taught, and believed, that his government was democratic and responsible to the people, but in fact it was dominated by the interests of virtually uncontrolled capitalism. And the government employee, who was the only one in a position to know of the mounting corruption, was silenced. Acts of Congress and departmental regulations were based on a widely accepted doctrine of capitalism that control of everything, including thought and speech, should be from the top downward. That deprived the employee of his ability to report to the people, the citizens, on the growth of dictatorial power in his particular department. In this climate, Hoover was able to convince millions of uninformed citizens that the FBI was nonpolitical.

It is astounding to me that in the flood of investigations that followed upon Watergate, no person or committee of Congress has asked the obvious question: Do you suppose any of the ordinary line employees of the FBI, CIA or IRS could put the pieces together for us and tell us what went wrong? Just some average worker who had not used the system to gain personal influence and power.

The closest any of the recent investigations came to this approach was during the Ervin committee hearings when Senator Baker asked James McCord to come back on Monday and tell the Senators what questions to ask him. McCord, of course, was implicated in the illegal activities and was primarily interested in protecting himself. Undoubtedly, many employees who were not implicated could have told Senator Baker what questions to ask.

In the FBI, scores of agents, even many stenographers and clerks, were aware on a day-to-day basis of areas in which the corrupt group close to Hoover was using its power unethically or illegally, but these potential witnesses were silenced by regulations, laws and fear. During the vendetta against Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., knowledge of the illegal methods being used were discussed openly during coffee breaks in the Atlanta office of the FBI. Activities of that sort were carried out in such a way as to leave no admissible evidence in the hands of anyone who had not proven himself to be completely corrupted by the system. That is why proposals for reform should not depend on standards of proof normally demanded in courtrooms but rather on a preponderance of the evidence.

Hoover's process of selecting personnel weeded out most applicants who would object to disreputable activities, but I believe, nonetheless, that many who know what went on would testify honestly under oath, particularly if they merely knew of the activity and were not themselves implicated. It would seem, thus, that if Congressional committees would concentrate on trying to find out what went on, rather than bog down in an attempt to fix responsibility, they would find it comparatively easy to restructure an organization such as the FBI so that the process of corruption could not continue. Anyone who understands how covert illegal activity is actually carried on realizes that investigations after the fact have slight chance of getting at the truth. In the FBI such activities were buttressed by doctored memoranda, and the doctoring was an art requiring an intimate knowledge of the record-keeping system. Persons knowing little about the operations of the FBI may think my approach to reform oversimplifies the problem. But having observed what happened and how it happened, I feel confident that I, or anyone with my background,

Arthur Murtagh, for many years an FBI agent, is now an attorney in Constable, N.Y., and head of the Criminal Justice Department at the Clarkson Institute of Technology, Potsdam, N.Y.

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could carry out effective restructuring without in any way compromising the effectiveness of the FBI.

First, one must list the principles that guided Hoover in establishing his dictatorship: secrecy (in everything); press manipulation; personnel selection (Hoover held absolute authority to hire and fire for half a century); political blackmail; a sense of when and how fast to expand power; a well-thought-out and sustained plan to set agents against one another, usually in petty ways; a cunning method of indoctrinating agents, designed to demoralize them individually and cause them to lose identity and self-respect; a tightly and personally controlled system of advancement that prevented any but the completely corrupt from reaching positions of power; a policy of never responding on equal grounds to any adversary or critic.

By holding tenaciously to the above nine principles, Hoover was able to project an image of himself and of the bureau. Hoover was the infallible messiah and his agents were supermen, free from the weaknesses of the flesh. Those were not the agents I worked with for twenty years.

SUBSTANCE OR STYLE?

CALIFORNIA'S NEW BROOMS

GEOFFREY COWAN

Los Angeles

Less than a month after Edmund G. ("Jerry") Brown, Jr. became Governor of California, 1,000 loggers marched on the capitol with picket signs saying: "Brown gave control of our state to the Sierra Club," and "Sierra Club . . . A threat to national economy." Guards at the state office buildings (remembering protesters from the Reagan era) complained that the new appointees have such long hair that they can't distinguish their employers from the pickets.

A remarkable transformation seems to have taken place in California: movement graduates have taken over the government. In a bloodless and largely unheralded coup, Governor Brown has filled his new administration with men and women whose formative years were spent learning politics in the street, in the poverty program and in the environmental movement. At least a dozen of his top appointees—ranging from Health and Welfare Secretary Mario Obledo to Agriculture Secretary Rose Elizabeth Bird—are lawyers who formerly worked for public-interest law firms, public defenders' offices, or OEO neighborhood legal services. After three months of the Brown administration, however, it is time to ask whether the changes are more than cosmetic.

The Sierra Club, as the loggers charge, does appear to have taken over at least a slice of the California government. The secretary of the powerful Resources Agency is Claire Dedrick, a Sierra Club vice president until her appointment; the deputy secretary is Larry Moss, formerly the Sierra Club's aggressive conservation director. Their handling of the situation which moved the loggers to protest illustrates the new administration's opportunities—as well as some of its problems.

On January 14, a Humboldt County Superior Court judge ruled that timber cutting is subject to the 1970 California Environmental Quality Act. No logging operations can commence, he held, until the state has approved an environmental impact report. The timber industry was furious. Industry leaders predicted that there would be ers and truckdrivers, while state bureaucrats attempted to review the 209 pending tree-harvesting plans.

The top state bureaucrats, of course, are ex-Sierra Club officers Dedrick and Moss. Working the sixteen-hour days which have become customary for new Brown appointees, they adopted emergency regulations designed to eliminate red tape and assure speedy adoption of appropriate plans. Ms. Dedrick declared that she had "no interest in chopping off the logging industry," and predicted that "easily a third and possibly half" of the plans would immediately be approved. But the timber industry wasn't satisfied. Its leaders wanted her to appeal the Superior Court judge's decision (which she refused to do), and they doubted, with some reason, that in preparing impact reports the agency would be as sympathetic to the industry's concerns as it was under her Reagan-appointed predecessor. One picketing logger carried a sign protesting, "Brown has put the weasel in the chicken coop—Fire Claire Dedrick."

And just as former Sierra Club officers have the top jobs at the Resources Agency, poverty program lawyers have been put in charge of the Health and Welfare Agency. The secretary is Mario Obledo, former president and general counsel of the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund. The deputy director and acting health director is Robert Gnaizda, a former California Rural Legal Assistance lawyer and a co-founder of Public Advocates, Inc., one of the country's leading public-interest law firms. During the Reagan administration, Obledo and Gnaizda, representing a variety of activist organizations, filed a torrent of complaints and lawsuits against the agency they now run.

The sweetest irony, however, is the appointment of James Lorenz as director of the State Employment Development Department. Founder and director of California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA), he was for several years the burr that Ronald Reagan kept trying to pull out of his saddle. Throughout the late 1960s Reagan and Lorenz engaged in a kind of push-me, pull-you game, with high stakes for millions of moneyless Californians. Every time Reagan announced a new scheme to bilk the poor, CRLA obtained a court decree holding the scheme illegal. Reagan soon found this exercise exasperating and, working with then Sen. George Murphy, attempted to destroy

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CRLA, or at least Lorenz. The anti-Lorenz crusade was orchestrated out of the offices of what is now the State Employment Development Department.

Although a few 1960s leaders have achieved power in other states (Earth Week coordinator Dennis Hayes is Illinois' Environmental Protection administrator, Moratorium coordinator Sam Brown is the newly elected treasurer of Colorado, John Froines of the Chicago 7 is Vermont's Occupational Health and Safety administrator), the Brown administration could well be the first test of the protest movement's ability to govern. It will be instructive to see whether movement graduates can translate progressive rhetoric into functioning programs.

They don't start with modest goals. Gnaizda's top priority is to establish something close to a full employment economy in which a wider range of people are satisfied with their jobs. Full employment may be a long time coming (the unemployment rate in Los Angeles County, for example, was 10.1 per cent in March, a rise of 0.9 per cent since the new administration took office), but the Governor may be able to help equalize the status accorded different kinds of work. The California Board of Regents, for example, proposed a 9.6 per cent faculty salary raise for the 1975-76 school year, though other state employees have received only an 8.5 per cent increase. Accordingly, Brown set the faculty salary increase at 8.5 per cent, explaining that it was based on "equality" and the concept that "work has an inherent value. Whether writing on a piece of paper . . . or taking care of lawns, people should be treated equal."

Shooting at a somewhat different star, Larry Moss points out that "it's sort of nice, instead of asking other people to do things to protect the environment, just to be able to do them." The test of the abilities of people like Gnaizda and Moss, however, will be meaningful only if Governor Brown gives his activist appointees some running room.

But Edmund Brown, Jr. was not elected Governor on a platform of radical change, nor is it yet clear that he is committed to reforms that are more than stylistic. In the Democratic primary he was the middle-of-the-road, Muskie-like candidate, supported by fewer outspoken liberals than either Rep. Jerome Waldie or former Ambassador William Matson Roth, but by far more than backed San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto. His chief assets were his name (people now fondly remember the years 1959-67 when Edmund Brown, Sr. was governor) and his aggressive campaign reform work as Secretary of State. He won a close election in November against a moderate Republican opponent in which issues took a back seat to style. Brown's principal promise was to bring a "new spirit" to Sacramento.

To many reform-minded Democrats, therefore, the succession of appointments of activists (plus an unusually high percentage of women and minorities) came as a pleasant surprise. One reformer friend of the Governor gave credit for the choices to J. Anthony Kline (now the Governor's legal affairs secretary), a poverty movement, public-interest lawyer who had roomed with Brown at Yale Law School and served as his appointments secretary during the transition. In a somewhat convoluted sentence, the reformer asked: "What governor do you know from whom you have a better chance of getting a job if you're a friend of his friend than if you're a friend of his?" He clarified that with, "His father was surrounded by so many incompetents and hangers-on that Jerry is psychologically distrustful of his own friends." But it would be a mistake to attribute the choice of appointees, or any other significant decision in the new administration, solely to Brown's aides. To a degree unusual for chief executives, Jerry Brown considers this his administration and insists on being involved in every phase of it.

During the two months between election and inauguration the Governor immersed himself in the details of drafting his proposed budget. Because of that night-and-day effort, Brown is now probably better informed about the minutiae of state government than any incoming governor in history. But since he insisted on being as deeply involved in the appointments process—personally interviewing every significant applicant at least once—only a few of his top officers had been chosen by the time he took office. Nor was he able to start delegating power once in office. After more than three months, some of the major sub-cabinet posts are still vacant—or, more accurately, are still held by Reagan administration holdovers. His father, the former Governor, candidly remarked that Jerry doesn't know how to shift responsibility.

The Governor's desire to be involved in all aspects of his administration limits the initiatives that can be taken by the activists whom he has asked to run his agencies. For example, after the loggers marched on the capitol, the Governor and his legal assistants became deeply involved in the process of drafting the Resources Agency's emergency regulations. Brown issued an executive order directing the Resources Agency to prepare a streamlined timber-cutting permit procedure that would provide "the functional equivalent of the environmental impact process." The procedural device won the support of Dedrick and Moss, but many environmentalists consider it a dangerous precedent, enabling agencies to circumvent the law. Since the regulations are only temporary, few environmentalists think it worth the resources required to take the agency to court; but it's a safe bet that they would have done so had the same procedure been devised by the Reagan administration. The larger problem is that, while the Governor is unassailably hard-working and bright, he can't be everywhere at once and, in any event, doesn't have as much experience (or, in many cases, personal commitment) as do the people he has appointed.

In agreeing to work for government, Brown's public-interest appointees presumably knew that they would be required to make compromises. They no longer represent the Sierra Club or the Mexican-American Legal Defense Fund. The Governor, in his interviews with prospective appointees, emphasizes that, while the decision-making deliberations will be democratic (as they must be to keep good people), he expects loyalty to decisions once they are made. There is widespread belief that some top candidates were rejected because they could not be trusted to remain silent when they disagreed with Brown. In cabinet meetings he encourages an open exchange of ideas, but while participants say that the Governor frequently changes his mind when presented with persuasive arguments, they note that

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when the discussion has ended, his is the only vote that counts. Obviously the Governor should make decisions on the most important matters of state, but he does not appear to have marked off areas which he considers within the discretion of those whom he has appointed. Some lawyers working as administrators have tried to rationalize the arrangement by concluding that they are now employed by a single client: the Governor.

Nevertheless, it isn't easy for movement lawyers to relinquish their constituency. On January 15, during the nationwide "March on Jobs," a ten-member delegation met with Gnaizda and Lorenz in the Health and Welfare Agency conference room. Several of the protesters had been their clients in past lawsuits against government agencies. Had the meeting taken place a few weeks earlier, Gnaizda or Lorenz might have represented the protesters; now they represented the government. Their comments could be newsworthy, and if they took a position on a matter of policy (be it child-care centers or public employment), it would be attributed to the Governor. What should they do: state their personal opinions, present the official government line, obfuscate?

"After you've been attacking the government for years," Lorenz mused later,"it's sometimes hard to be an official spokesman. But if it wasn't hard, then it would really be bad." Gnaizda has been sued and publicly attacked by some former colleagues who object to budgetary compromises in health care and food stamps. He explained that "initially it felt terrible. I felt nobody loves me. I now think it's impossible to fulfill my obligations if I worry about what my friends and other public-interest lawyers think. As a lawyer I always knew I represented a special interest," Gnaizda continued. "Now I'm not representing the same client groups any more."

A few weeks ago some representatives of the consumer movement visited Rose Bird, the new Secretary of Agriculture, who taught consumer law at Stanford Law School and then served as the senior trial deputy in the Santa Clara County Public Defender's Office. Afterward, a lawyer for one of the consumer groups reported that "every sentence she uttered sounded like it came out of the bureaucrat's manual. Everything was under consideration. Everything would require more study."

It is not certain, moreover, that the new agency heads can effectively implement policy even when they get a green light from the Governor. Few of them have been administrators before (looking at her agency's $500-million budget and 12,000 employees, Claire Dedrick reportedly joked, "It's not much different from the Sierra Club; you just add a few zeros"), and many of them are unfamiliar with the detailed workings of the agencies they head. Those agencies are staffed by (and the new administrators must rely on) bureaucrats who came into government, or somehow managed to stay in government, during Reagan's eight years in office. While some of them undoubtedly find Brown's "new spirit" exhilarating, others treat it with cynicism or contempt.

If it is difficult for activists to become government officials, it is equally difficult for people who are still in the movement to decide how to deal with public-interest bureaucrats. There is a natural reluctance to bring suit when

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"The Quick Fox Brown Jumped Over the Lazy Dog"

the people in government are your friends, peers, colleagues, and when you want to believe that they will do the best possible job. Yet since the pressures against reform (from political leaders, the budget and the bureaucracy as well as from special interests) are intense, the need for continued vigilance by those who remain on the outside may be especially great.

It is too early to predict how well the new California government will work. In an era that calls for frugality and self-sacrifice, it is heartening to see Governor Brown's staff working long hours, cutting their own salaries, driving in smaller cars. However, the Reagan administration's leisurely pace, healthy staff salaries and limousines were at least tolerable. What was intolerable was its lack of compassion. Certainly compassion is the strong suit of those whom Jerry Brown has brought into California government.

But to what extent is it shared by the Governor? He was on the edges of the anti-HUAC, civil rights, farm worker and peace movements, and his admirers include long-time committed social activists like Tom Hayden and Paul Schrade. He frequently asserts his determination to make government more humane, bring it closer to the people. Yet he is generally perceived as distant, enigmatic, puritanical, cerebral. He has shaken the bureaucracy to its roots through his skeptical and relentless questions about the value of costly programs in areas ranging from health care to crime control. When he couldn't understand how the state spends $3 billion on health, he took over for two days as director of the Department of Health. When the Criminal Justice Planning Boards couldn't demonstrate that crime had been reduced as a result of $200 million in federal anti-crime grants, Brown announced that he might

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refuse to accept any more federal anti-crime money until the boards proved they could put it to good use.

For all his healthy skepticism about existing programs, it's not yet clear that Brown will allow his idealistic staff to develop effective replacements. "I feel best about the things that are being stopped and rethought," legal secretary Tony Kline said, "but I can't point to affirmative new programs. I expect they're going to come." For the moment, the Governor seems more interested in asking questions than in finding answers, obsessed with asking "why?" rather than "why not?," more Eugene McCarthy than Robert Kennedy. Unlike those whom he has appointed to work for him, Brown is a spectator, not a participant. Recently an acquaintance tried to compliment him by noting that he had been in Mississippi in the early 1960s. "Only as an observer," the Governor quickly snapped.

Governor Brown's principal accomplishment to date is his budget, a document of such austerity that it has been warmly applauded by former Governor Reagan. Like Illinois Gov. Dan Walker [see *The Nation,* May 3] and a few other liberal Democratic politicians, Brown understands and would like to appeal to middle-class voters who are alienated from expensive government spending programs and respect hard-line statements on social issues. He has won considerable support from state Republican leaders, including State Sen. H.L. Richardson, a former John Birch Society member, who is probably the most conservative member of the Senate. He has been applauded by conservative journalists Evans and Novak and the editors of *National Review* for a statement describing how government can handle welfare payments without raising taxes. They quote Brown as explaining that "welfare recipients will have to reduce their standard of living." The new Governor has also reduced Medi-Cal funds for dental work (Gnaizda says the cuts were required to keep the health-care program from bankrupting the budget), and has been attacked by the press for requiring all appointees to fill out a "confidential" 13-page form which asks, among other things, whether the appointee has ever been arrested (even as a juvenile) for a misdemeanor or felonious offense. His first major legislative proposal is a farm labor bill, introduced in mid-April, which has been bitterly condemned by Cesar Chavez (who supported Brown in the general election), but warmly received by the Western Growers Association (which opposed him last November).

For the moment no one seems to know for certain where he's headed. One of his closest advisers describes him as being open to virtually all new ideas and perspectives. Another friend recalls the Governor's telling some appointees, in a tone which was at once pragmatic and enigmatic, "We're going to move Left and Right at the same time." The appointees only wished they knew for certain which direction applied to their agencies.

During the next four years the California government will have the imprint of Jerry Brown. For those who think that he may one day run for President, or that at the very least a Democratic administration in Washington should contain the kind of activists who have now gone to work in Sacramento, it will be instructive to see whether the generation which came to political maturity in the 1960s is able to avoid becoming bureaucrats. It will also be interesting to watch whether their old friends in the public-interest world have the emotional and intellectual independence to keep the administrators honest. □

THE REAL LESSONS OF VIETNAM

DAVID V. EDWARDS

As Phnom Penh collapsed and South Vietnam shrank to indefensible proportions, architects and defenders of America's role in Southeast Asia were actually laying the blame for the failure of our policy in a way that would protect and even strengthen the conventional wisdom about how America should conduct itself in the world. President Ford assailed isolationism and lamented Congress' unwillingness to approve more military aid to prolong the military slaughter in order "to prevent a blood bath." Secretary of State Kissinger, echoing the President's assertion that the world is "losing faith in our commitments," asserted that we "cannot pursue a policy of selective reliability." And pundits chime in, a Greek chorus chanting of the tragic collapse of American responsibility for global resistance to the communism we have nonetheless chosen to embrace in Moscow and Peking.

In these most difficult times, Administration officials seem intent on "paying any price, bearing any burden, meeting any hardship," not so much, as President Kennedy pledged in his inaugural, "to assure the survival and success of liberty," as to assure the continued popular acceptance of the cold-war mentality that continues to conceive, develop and support American policy long after the erosion of the cold war. And the burial parties swinging their shovels at the corpse of Kissinger's fire-fighting diplomacy are all too commonly bent on interring it for the wrong reasons, with a wrong understanding of the dynamics that are transforming world affairs faster than governmental and journalistic experts can recognize.

This then is to be the historical moment in which we will learn "the lessons of Vietnam." But we seem perilously close to learning the wrong lessons, because we have not yet recognized that the schoolroom is not Indochina, the school books are no more the collected works of Henry Kissinger than they are the quotations of Chairman Mao and the teachers are neither Ford and Kissinger nor Ho Chi Minh and Nguyen Van Thieu. The real lesson of Vietnam is *not* the need to limit our global objectives and involvements more prudently, as the "Neo-Realists" in the Senate and the press have been arguing since donning

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dovish regalia. For that can only delay the reckoning at home and abroad, and will not change our behavior once we ultimately feel compelled to commit ourselves—behavior which itself has been largely responsible for the failure of our efforts.

The real lesson of Vietnam is *not* that we must transfer the burdens of local military defense increasingly to other homelands in Indochina or in Asia or in Western Europe, as the Nixon Doctrine pompously proclaimed and as Vietnamization profoundly disproved. For the new burdens of world affairs affect all states, and thus require the special resources of the major powers.

Nor is the real lesson the indivisibility of a nation's credibility, as desperate politicians and policy makers argue, fearful for the security of our remaining bastions around the world. For credibility is by now incredible as sanctioning a stake in world politics, and many allies and adversaries have spoken with incredulity of our prolonged involvement where, or in ways that, we should not be committed.

The real lesson of Vietnam is not the sanctity of territory and the unbreachability of borders, as our military posture and political doctrine of containing and educating aggressors still suggests, but as Indochina has conclusively disproved. No territorial boundaries are any longer impenetrable, and all boundaries are increasingly being penetrated not just politically by diplomacy and covert intelligence operations but economically by states, multinational business enterprises and populations.

And, perhaps most important, the real lesson of Vietnam is not that we must rediscover how to use military force effectively and, when necessary, fight "sensible, limited wars," as strategists increasingly argue. The American people seem to have identified this red herring conclusively, with the evaporation of everything we spoke so fervently about and fought so expensively for in Indochina.

Neither is the real lesson of Vietnam that the American people have again become isolationist, as our leaders so ominously suggest. For all the evidence—from continuing support for foreign economic aid (even at a time of economic privation, when feeding the hungry abroad raises further the cost of bread at home) to the spontaneous movement to adopt Vietnamese orphans (whatever its wisdom, justification or explanation)—demonstrates that the interest, concern and good will of the American people far surpass the expectations—and perhaps even the desires—of most of their leaders.

But the efforts—the analyses, the exhortations, the actions—of our leaders in this time of supreme discredit for our longstanding and consistent cold-war-and-détente approach to world affairs, seem designed to teach these lessons to the American people. If the people take their schooling from cold-war professors in the University of Détente, the harsh realities exposed by our recent experiences in Southeast Asia and the Middle East and the high cost of our postures in Central Europe will come to be understood as confirming the fundamental assumptions underlying America's forceful role in the world since 1945. And if that is the popular conclusion, we shall be condemned to repeat those experiences again and again, all the while growing less sensitive to the underlying transforming dynamics of the new world politics. It is a price we must not pay.

World politics in our era has been conducted according to three conventional assumptions: first, that military force is the necessary and effective arbiter of conflict; second, that economic power rests in the hands of the moneyed and the industrialized; and third, that revolutionary states can be conditioned to accept the former without exploiting it, and to resign themselves to the latter without using their natural resources to contest it.

Our current experience, viewed without the presupposition that these assertions are true, discredits this conventional understanding. Vietnam is but the latest disproof of the efficacy of military force in situations of political conflict, as Arab oil politics is the harbinger of limitless instances invalidating the assumption that economic power derives essentially from money and industry. And the foreign policies of most Third and Fourth World states increasingly disprove our facile assumption that the rest of the states will resign themselves to our tutelage. Much of the emerging nature of the new world politics can be discerned in the experience of Vietnam—if we but look for it unblinded by the presuppositions of the cold-war-and-détente theory of world politics that our leaders and even many of their public critics continue to espouse.

What then are the *real lessons* of Vietnam? What is the wisdom, uncoverable in the rubble of our policy and their countryside, that alone might make the cost on all sides, if not worth it, at least of some redeeming value? What can we learn that may enable us not only to avoid a comparable disaster but also to contribute to the reconstruction of world affairs in ways that will lessen the violence of states and increase the welfare of peoples?

The real lessons are manifold, but they cluster around three major realizations: the self-defeating nature of the resort to military force; the erosion of citizen allegiance to the nation-state; and the increasingly dominant roles of energy (fuel for machines and food for bodies) in the world. We must examine each in turn, but reach for their relations too.

Americans still have difficulty recognizing the self-defeating effect of the resort to military force because we accept the view that "the other side did it first"—and in Indochina is now reaping the rubber and the rice. The point is that force is never enough, even when it is used terroristically, as in the Middle East. There may be some outposts in the world that cannot be long defended even with fervent commitment by the indigenes, but there are none which can be long defended without that. The important factor in the shorter run is allegiance, to which we shall turn shortly. The dominant consideration in the longer run is the vicious effects on world affairs of the reliance on force, even for defense.

The roots of our misunderstanding lie in our historical experience. By winning our battles of World War II around the world, we came to conclude that force on the side of the righteous would prevail—especially when in league with technology. Our early enthusiasm for becoming involved in Korea can be traced largely to a blissful confidence in technological solutions to politics at a time of blissful ignorance as to the political character of the

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region. Because we did not learn the lessons of the failures of strategic bombing in World War II—set out for all to see in the strategic bombing surveys—we relied heavily on air power in Korea. Our objective there was to teach aggressors anywhere that they could not succeed. We "won" an eventual stalemate in Korea despite our technological predominance. But rather than acknowledge reality, we cultivated the myth that we could have won a real victory if our military had been given free rein, and, confronted by this challenge to civilian strategy, the political supporters of cold-war containment were edged toward believing that we had indeed won. They seem in retrospect to have convinced themselves of that in order to justify the cost and stem the ebbing tide of containment, as well as to sustain our tradition of civilian supremacy.

This tragic misrecollection generated a fantasy of effective intervention, and its ultimate result was the confident commitment of American air power in Vietnam—supplemented, when it worked no better there than in Korea, with American combat troops. By then the war was lost, although it took us $150 billion, untold casualties on all sides, psychic as well as physical, and the campus contagion of the New Left at home to begin to realize this. And still the fantasies dominated policy in Washington, as now they yet more desperately, more preposterously, do.

Some criticized the Ford-Kissinger-Thieu demand for "one more fix" as throwing good money after bad, but that misses the point that American money is no longer much good, even on world markets elsewhere, where the dollar still reels from the crippling blows of Vietnam-engendered inflation. Nor, of course, is American materiel much good in a country where the black market is the real battlefield for a host of disillusioned soldiers and civilians whom we are supposedly saving—from blood bath, if no longer from communism. These momentary fixes, like the decade-long debacle, miss the eventually determinant point. Our coming to think about military power as primarily technological (the "electronic battlefield" of McNamara and Honeywell, for example) has led us not only to overemphasize its efficacy but also its human costs. I refer not to the battlefield casualties, appalling though they be, but rather to the warping of our previous comprehension of the underlying essentials of morale and understanding.

As the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong advance, we note their divisions and their armor, rather than their accompanying political cadres, just as in the years when our side still controlled major areas of South Vietnam our "pacification" program was increasingly converted into a Vietnamization program. We never seemed to know what to do when the bombing had to stop, or even what to do while it was going on. And now, just when we might begin to learn the twice-told lessons of the way our type of military force defeats its own objectives, not only in the target country but in the rest of the world, we shift our attention from military action to recrimination. The grievous trouble with recrimination—with another "Great Debate"; this time over "who lost Indochina?"—is that it implies that we could have won—or kept—Indochina, if only we had done things better. Indochina was never ours for the winning, or even ours for the keeping, once the French had failed there and the whole world was decolonizing.

But the assumption underlying debate and recrimination, that *we* could have won or kept South Vietnam, implies that we simply made mistakes in the way we employed force, or in the timing of our political intervention in the South during the war. This view suggests that the error was tactical, or at most strategic, and that in another circumstance we could intervene more effectively or more judiciously. It thus tends to convert what should be the lesson—that such forceful resort is always self-defeating—into an argument supporting such resort done wisely. And so, perversely, it makes further American military misadventures more likely, the more so because of a growing desire to demonstrate our capability and our credibility.

That is a lesson we cannot afford to learn. It is bad enough that the salience of our and their military action has distracted everyone's attention from more consequential political and economic measures that should be the cornerstone of our foreign relations.

Beyond all this, the resort to military force tends to encourage our major adversary, the Soviet Union, to do likewise. The reason is not that the Soviet military envies our recent military combat experience, true though that no doubt is. Rather, the reason is revealed by the whole history of what scholars increasingly refer to as "multiple symmetry maintenance" in American-Soviet relations since the onset of the cold war. Research, even cursory examination, shows that each side tends to imitate the other—not just in weapons systems but in educating scientists, in space flight, in foreign aid and untold other ventures. The imitation seems to occur whether or not the venture is obviously profitable, perhaps for fear that it will turn out to offer some unanticipated advantage, but even more because each side tends to take the other as its only real model in global affairs.

Thus, perverse as it seems, the American adventure in Vietnam might, despite its catastrophic lack of success, have its counterpart in a Soviet military adventure. And even if the Soviets avoid this temptation, everyone's attention will nonetheless have been further focused on the military rather than the political and economic dimensions of possible state action. The resort to force, then, is not only self-defeating in such circumstances; it is also perversely contagious. And all this to the detriment of earnest efforts to reconstruct world affairs.

But the self-defeating reliance on force must be understood in its political context, and that brings our attention to the second real lesson of Vietnam: the erosion of citizen allegiance to the institutions of government. Policy makers at home and abroad assert the likelihood of an erosion of allied-state allegiance as a consequence of America's failure in Indochina. But this allegation obscures the much more important erosion of allegiance at the level of citizens.

The most obvious instance of citizen disaffection is of course in South Vietnam itself, where it effectively prohibited any successful prosecution of the war against the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese. We are also now aware, thanks to the likes of Gallup and Harris, of a concomitant erosion of allegiance on the part of Americans. It is not confined to the military deserters and draft dodgers, nor to the students who closed down universities at the

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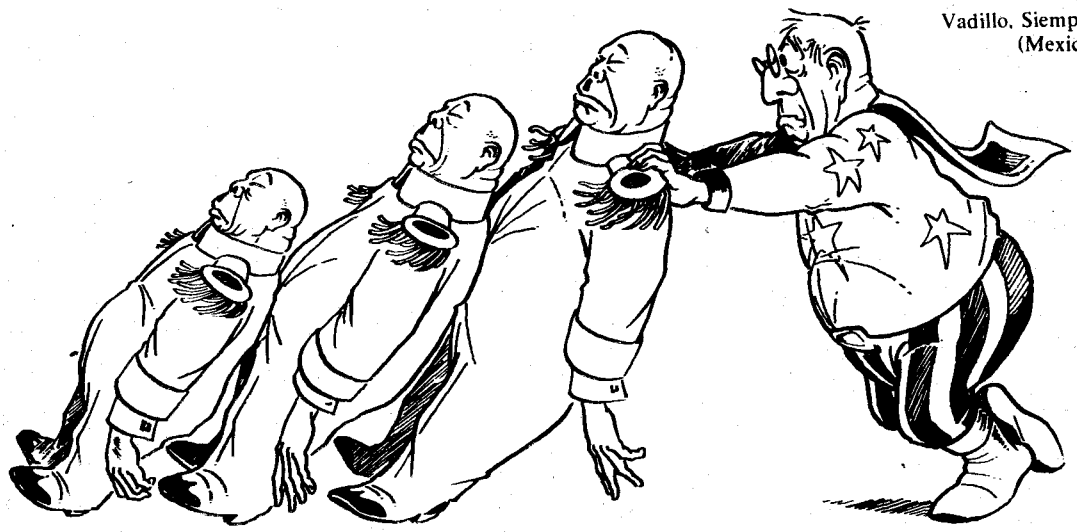

Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

time of our invasion of Cambodia, but has spread to the great mass of Americans who say we were wrong in Vietnam, who express a new grave and extensive lack of confidence in our fundamental governmental institutions and no longer trust any public officials, and who boycott elections in droves (the national turnout last November averaging a recent record low 30 per cent) or vote as if to say simply "no." And there is as well the large proportion of our military, now disillusioned because it is widely discredited for waging a war under tight political constraints which it accepted out of loyalty.

These assorted malcontents constitute today the greater part of the American population. They are not about to leave the country or overthrow its government; they are too pessimistic to have any confidence in either of these courses. But they are also no longer about to rush to support the nation-state in the presence of its enemies or adversaries abroad, be they Communist revolutionaries, transnational terrorists, increasingly independent-minded new states, or multinational corporations. Perhaps they have at last taken the principles of the American Revolution and democratic politics seriously, at just the time when cynicism has conquered their officials.

The potential significance of this erosion of citizen allegiance to the governmental institutions and leaders of the American nation-state takes on its real dimension only when we recognize these growing external challenges for what they will soon become: the gravest threat to our present form of political organization since the decline of religious wars in Europe. This is not the place to detail and project the growing competition for allegiance that the modern nation-state faces from multinational corporations, transnational organizations, nothing-to-lose territoryless terrorists, etc. But it is the place to recognize that these growing challenges will soon make the threats posed by ideologies like socialism, fascism and communism pale in significance, for these ideologies all chose, or were ultimately forced to depend on, the nation-state for political organization and mobilization. But the new challengers ignore or attack the nation-state. In such circumstances, the modern nation-state can ill afford to take for granted the allegiance of its people, any more than Diem and Thieu could. And yet that is precisely what our leaders continue to do, even in the face of the terrible blows to public authority that Watergate and its handling have delivered.

We finally learned to talk about Vietnam as a struggle for minds and hearts, but perhaps we never fully understood the primordial requirement of meeting basic needs for food and for security against terror and technology. Of course, the problem of citizen allegiance takes somewhat different form in highly developed America (at least for the 75 per cent of the population that is not below the poverty level). Part of that form is a new meaning of patriotism that increasingly transcends the territorial boundaries of the nation-state. But have our leaders even recognized it, let alone sought ways to use it in developing a constructive new approach to our relations with the rest of the world?

Without citizen allegiance, social stability and economic progress in the modern nation-state are in grave jeopardy, for the state plays such a large role in the social order and the economic system. Nowhere is this clearer now than in the realm of energy. And it is there that we must learn the third real lesson of Vietnam.

In our highly developed world, we are likely to forget that energy comes in two fundamental modes: mechanical and human. Similarly, the fuel that generates these two modes of energy comes in two types: food for bodies and fuel (now predominantly petrochemical) for machines. Until recently, we have considered the quest for both food and fuel to be essentially a private matter, pursued without the aid or serious interference of the state. But today everywhere from Vietnam to the United States, governments are stepping in to promote or prevent or permute the production and consumption of human and industrial energy.

The politics of food and fuel certainly antedate Vietnam, but it is no accident that a desperately imaginative Lyndon Johnson called for a Mekong Delta Development Project at that the thirsty multinational oil companies call for offshore oil drilling in the South China Sea off Vietnam. The years of Vietnam have brought much heightened interest in governmental control over food and fuel resources and consumption. The relation of this governmental intervention to the prospects for continued citizen allegiance to the states of the world is still at issue. So is the relation of this governmental intervention to the future of the plan-

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tary ecosystem. Vietnam may well become the oil barrel of Asia, as it has been the rice basket of Indochina. Some saw these functions as heightening the stakes of the war there. We should instead have seen them as reasons to terminate that war in ways to maximize cooperative development of food and fuel resources. The humanitarian concerns our President expresses now for war orphans could well have been manifest more constructively in earlier years when we had not yet devastated the countryside and alienated the peoples.

But perhaps on this matter of food and fuel it is not yet too late. The insurgents will have grave difficulties meeting these needs in their newly subject populations, as they will in exploiting the riches of the delta and the seas. We have the knowledge and the technology—and, it appears, the public sentiment, whether for reasons of altruism, capitalism or even simply guilt—to offer to assist in these ventures. Whether, or when, that will be allowed may depend most on how we finally disengage. But even if it proves impossible here, it will be possible elsewhere—if we learn the real lessons of Vietnam.

Ours could, then, be a future of growing commitment and contribution to the development of food and fuel resources for all the planet, emphasizing the resort to resource development rather than to force, in an attempt to claim and retain the broadened allegiance of our citizens, not just to our state but to the planet. But that is possible only if we are much more sensitive to the concerns and desires of the widely varying peoples of the rest of the world; and only if we see through the governmental pronouncements and the analyses of conventional pundits that attempt to teach the wrong lessons of Vietnam. □

THAILAND

Democracy's Race Against Time

LARRY DIAMOND

Bangkok

After almost two months of intense parliamentary maneuvering and mudslinging, Thailand finally has a government—the most democratically elected in its history. Headed by a civilian and with no active military officers in its Cabinet, it is backed by the most liberal and broadly based of the eleven constitutions written since the absolute monarchy was overthrown in 1932.

While few expect that Prime Minister M.R. Kukrit Pramoj can hang on to his thin parliamentary majority for all (or even half) of the four-year term, it is at least a beginning. The widening parliamentary void into which many feared yet another military group would step, has been closed for the time being.

With the toppling of Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn's repressive military dictatorship at the time of mass student demonstrations a year ago last October, a whole new set of actors have arrived on the political stage: associations of students, workers, farmers, liberal academicians, Left political parties and an outspoken press—all of whom mean to have their interests and ideals heard and acted upon.

Thailand is today a nation in the bruising infancy of genuinely representative government. It is an unstable infancy, particularly since the wide-open elections of January 26 swept into the 269-seat House of Representatives twenty-one different parties, twelve of which won less than ten seats. The presence of so many parties has made formidable the task of forming a governing coalition. Of the forty-four parties that ran in the elections, only the centrist Democrats—bolstered by their reputation of more than twenty years as the only effective opposition to the succession of military authoritarian regimes—were able to capture more than a fifth of the seats. Their leader, M.R. Seni Pramoj, struggled for several post-election weeks to construct a broad parliamentary coalition, but his hopes collapsed when the conservatives demanded too high a price in the distribution of Cabinet portfolios. The narrower Center-Left base on which Seni finally formed a government failed in turn when the Socialist parties withdrew support.

With Seni's defeat after only eight days in office, his younger brother, Kukrit, leader of the eighteen-seat Social Action Party, was asked to see if he could forge a conservative coalition. In knitting together his six-seat majority, Kukrit needed to include not only the three major conservative parties besides his own but also ten small parties (plus three Socialist Party renegades). It is a marriage of convenience, and shaky.

The intricate negotiations that achieved this coalition produced a Cabinet that Left-leaning columnists, students and political leaders condemn as gravely compromising the new democracy. They complain that four of the parties in the coalition (including the Thai Nation and Social Justice Parties, which hold ten of the thirteen major ministerial portfolios) contain the remnants of the former dictatorship's United Thai People's Party, and have intimate links with the financial and business community in Bangkok. These four military clique parties, the opposition argues, are little committed to democracy, being mainly concerned to protect their vested economic interests.

Left critics also charge that money has often made the supposedly democratic competition a grossly uneven contest. Finance Minister Boonchu Rojanasthien reputedly spent $1 million to win election in his district by building some 60 miles of roads for the villagers there. In general, the conservative parties are believed to have spent several times more per candidate than did the smaller parties.

Nor did vote buying end with the January 26th elections. Allegations of bribery have been flying back and forth in the House for many weeks now, and several opposition parties assert that Kukrit's coalition was able to gain the

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votes of the many small parties only by purchasing them, and will need to keep on purchasing them whenever there are test votes in the future.

The new Cabinet ministers have also come under fire for allegedly corrupt ways. One is said to run a gambling den, another to be an alcoholic. A Democratic M.P. accused the Minister of Justice of having had six different court cases pending against him when he took office, and charged that a trucking firm owned by the new Agriculture Minister and Social Justice leader, Tavich Klinpratoom, sold to the underground hundreds of tons of weapons it had been hired to transport to American bases.

The fact that the old elites who held power and got rich under the dictatorship have now scrambled back into the government is hardly surprising. They are, for the most part, men who have never been out of power, and they were deeply fearful of losing it for good if they were shut out in the crucial formative stages of the new system. Though they suffered heavy, and in some cases embarrassing, defeats at the polls, they had spent enormous sums—almost $40 million by some estimates—on the election. Now, in the words of one journalist, "They want a return on their investment."

But though it may have been inevitable that these men would scratch and scrape to hold on to power, what is significant, in the opinion of some analysts, is that their scratching and scraping is for the first time taking place within the framework of a Constitution that really means something. This, says one American official, bodes well for the future of democracy in Thailand.

It is generally believed, however, that even the shrewdest of parliamentary maneuvers and the most massive of campaign treasure chests will not be enough to keep the conservative groups in power if they cannot relieve the economic and social pressures now bearing down on the rural and urban masses. Kukrit, in particular, seems to recognize the urgency of both his own and the nation's situation. "This country is like an invalid with a very high temperature," he said on the eve of his appointment as Prime Minister. "The first thing we must do is get that temperature down. We must make people feel that democracy is better than a dictatorship, that it can provide more food, more jobs, enable the people to walk the streets at night in safety. And we must make people feel this right away—within three months—or else it's no use."

The policy statement with which he won his vote of confidence reflects concerns of just that sort. It pledges to redress the sharp imbalances between rich and poor, and between city and country, with massive infusions of government funds. Specifically, Kukrit committed his government to: allocate $125 million immediately to local rural councils to improve irrigation and other facilities; divert the flow of capital back into the countryside, with a goal of $200 million in investments this year (especially from commercial banks); decentralize rural administration and planning; provide free urban bus service, free education and free medical service for the poor, and build 20,000 new low-income housing units annually, thereby providing 100,000 new jobs as well.

Kukrit is placing particular emphasis on the long neglected rural sector which has 85 per cent of the nation's people but precious fes of its resources. (And what resources were generated in the rural provinces have been sucked up by Bangkok for its own urban and industrial development programs.) Not only are rural services in a shabby state but rural incomes have been severely squeezed by middlemen, who extract large fees from farmers for their marketing services, and by a substantial government rice premium (a tax deducted from the going export price) to subsidize cheap rice for urban residents. Commercial loans to increase crop outputs have been available only to wealthy farmers; the poor have been forced to go to the black market for their loans at three times the commercial rate, and many have lost their lands by defaulting on usurious rates.

In an unprecedented move for a Prime Minister of Thailand, Kukrit, soon after taking office, went out to meet with the farmers in two hard-pressed provinces. He has pledged more such visits, and has begun seeking ways to open up new lands for destitute farmers. Kukrit has also acted quickly on his pledge of rural development and decentralization by announcing that 5,000 young social science graduates would be recruited to help install the $125 million worth of programs for development at the tambon level (a rural unit of about eight villages).

But despite this impressive start, the Prime Minister has been harshly criticized by the Left for promising more than he can deliver. One Democratic M.P. called his policy statement a "fairy tale," reflecting the conviction of opposition parties that even Kukrit doesn't believe such an ambitious program can be achieved. No one knows precisely how much his package will cost, but his brother has speculated that it will run up to $5 billion, which is two and a half times the present national budget. Furthermore, charge the critics, the programs, combined with Kukrit's pledge not to increase income taxes for two years, will sharply increase inflation, which Thailand has so far done well to hold to around 10 per cent.

The Prime Minister does have some factors working in his favor. For one, conservative fiscal management under the dictatorship built up substantial foreign currency reserves ($1.8 billion) which many economists believe can be drawn on, perhaps up to a third of the total, without endangering economic stability. There is also a widespread believe that Kukrit has chosen in Boonchu Rojanasthien a very able Finance Minister, and one who will bring in with him, from his former position as executive vice president of the Bangkok Bank, a string of able young technocrats. "These people are not dreamers," said one editor. "They are doers."

It is of course what they might do that has the opposition parties worried, and poised for continuing parliamentary battle. Aligned against the governing coalition is a varied and vigorous lot of political parties and forces, ranging from the mildly Left Democrats to the Socialist Party of Thailand, which has called for the nationalization of all banks, oil and mining concerns and major agricultural export firms.

With seventy-two of the 269 seats, the Democrats are by far the largest party in the House of Representatives, and the most broadly based. Traditionally liberal on issues of political rights, they have been leaning increasingly to the

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Left on social and economic issues as well. Though they stop short of supporting nationalization of key industries, they call for "rigid control" of private enterprise, restrictions on agricultural middlemen and government intervention to narrow the gap between rich and poor.

Seni candidly admits that there may be less to the Democrats' strength in the House than meets the eye. "It's an indication not necessarily that people like us but that they probably don't know much about these new parties." The longer it is until new elections, in his opinion, the greater the chance that his party will lose seats.

One party that is expected to gain at the Democrats' expense is the New Force, which commands an impressive degree of support among intellectuals, technocrats, journalists and other well-educated elements in the society. It is a party of new and youthful faces, and though its base is small now (with only twelve seats in the House), many observers see it as a major contender for power in perhaps four or eight years. Its leaders describe themselves as Socialists, but the more radical Left has criticized them for the vagueness of their policies. Their emphasis is on redistribution of income, reforms in land ownership and the educational system and a general upgrading of social services—"a bourgeois socialism," in the opinion of one radical. They are more disciplined than most of the other Left parties, and are working hard to build up their base not only in Bangkok but in the districts of the impoverished northeastern provinces, which they believe they can carry next time.

Their most serious problem is one that threatens all of the non-elite parties in this new system—lack of money. Their activities at present have "ground to a halt," in the words of one supporter, as they struggle to pay off debts from the last campaign. Should new elections come within the next six or eight months, they and other small parties could well be devastated.

Others sympathetic to the New Force see them as probably too idealistic to survive the bruising, bribe-ridden world of Thai politics. Says political scientist, Dr. Sombat Chandharawonge, of Thammasat University, "What we need is a political party that can combine practical wisdom and experience with an ideology that meets the needs of the people. But most of the old parties have only the former, and most of the new parties have only the latter."

It is this supposed lack of realism that has cost the Socialist Party support in the new political situation. Many sympathetic to their program criticize the Socialists for having brought down the Seni government, thereby allowing the old elites to sweep back into power. Some say the Socialists simply haven't decided yet that they want to work through the parliamentary system, which sometimes requires accepting the lesser of two evils. Says one liberal social scientist at Thammasat, where party Secretary-General Boonsanong Punyodyana once chaired the Sociology Department, "What Boonsanong seems to want is a very narrow party base. I have more respect for the people who are out in the hills fighting—at least they have made up their minds that the parliamentary game isn't worth playing."

Of the various pressure groups that must now be taken into account in any political equation, urban laborers and students are at present the most visible. The labor movement in Thailand is still in its infancy. While almost fifty labor unions have sprung up in the last two years, they still represent only about 20 per cent of the urban industrial work force—which itself amounts to little more than 5 per cent of the population. Moves are now afoot to form a single labor federation, which could wield tremendous bargaining power, given the underpaid wage base of almost all urban laborers; but at the moment the movement remains divided on issues like closed versus open shops and the extent to which unions should become involved in politics. So far, the best organized workers are those whose jobs touch the public nerve centers, such as railway, bus line and electrical workers. Strikes in such sectors could have a serious effect on the political climate.

The students are still the most vocal group in Thailand —too vocal for their own good, in the opinion of a growing number of people. With their protests now veering in many different directions, the students have lost much of the popular support and admiration they enjoyed during their dramatic 1973 demonstrations calling for a democratic Constitution. Those demonstrations came to a climax in a march of 400,000 students and supporters that forced the military triumvirate to flee the nation.

But with the elimination of their common enemy, students seemed to lose their common purpose. Serious splits have developed between moderate and radical student factions. The radical groups have argued for a wide range of student activities, off campus, to help organize and support movements of the people, i.e., farmers and workers. Their most intense effort has been in the countryside, where several hundred students have gone to isolated villages to educate the people in the processes of democracy and help organize them into federations to press more effectively for land reform and government assistance. Students are believed to command a good deal of respect and sympathy in the rural provinces.

But in Bangkok, many people have begun to resent their habit of seizing on so many different issues. In the view of Thammasat University political scientist Likhit Dhiravegin, the students' chief weakness has been their orientation to explosive issues of the moment. "They cannot routinize what they are doing. They are good at protesting, at *ad hoc* organization, but they have failed to work out mechanisms to focus on policies over the long range."

At the moment, the issue that arouses the greatest passion among student leaders, and the minority of university students who are involved politically, is the independence of Thailand from what they see as foreign domination. Student groups have cried out for the withdrawal of all American troops, and the expulsion of Japanese, American and Taiwanese firms, which they feel have been exploiting rather than developing the country. "Our immediate goal," says Weng Tochirakarn, a leader in the National Student Center of Thailand, "must be to push out the foreign military presence in Thailand. Our country must be independent—without this basic liberty, other important goals cannot be accomplished."

While foreign firms are unlikely to be expelled en masse, Thailand's foreign policy is unmistakably experimenting in fundamental transformation. The "independent Thailand" the students desire is now perhaps the only

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agreed-upon political goal in the country, and while interpretations of it differ, neutrality is one element which most opinion and policy makers regard as essential.

The Thais see a significantly changed balance of power taking shape in Southeast Asia, with the successes of North Vietnam and the shrinking role of the United States requiring that they accommodate themselves to a radically new situation, lest they be swallowed by it. They have recently taken great care to emphasize their commitment not to interfere in the internal affairs of Cambodia; to reinforce it, Kukrit's government announced soon after taking office that it would stop the American airlift of arms to Phnom Penh from bases in Thailand.

Kukrit pledged in his policy statement to arrange the withdrawal of American troops within one year "through friendly negotiations, taking into account the situation in the region"; to establish diplomatic relations with Peking, and to attempt to open contacts with Hanoi.

This shift is motivated, to a large extent, by a deepening concern over the Communist insurgency in the northeast of the country and the increasing infiltration of new guerrillas from Laos. It is hoped that direct contacts with Peking and Hanoi may persuade them to reduce their support for the insurgency, which, particularly on the part of Hanoi, is felt to be substantial.

Many officials here are convinced, however, that insurgency will not be stamped out in the border regions until rural living conditions are significantly improved. There is a new and growing realization that the political future of Thailand will be decided in the countryside, not in Bangkok. Some see revolutionary implications in Kukrit's pledge to decentralize planning and administrative functions down to the tambon council level. The key to political development in Thailand, argues *Bangkok Post* editor, Theh Chonkhadikij, is to start the process of rural economic development from the bottom up. People will value the progress in their village much more, he believes, when it results from ideas they have discussed and decisions they have taken themselves—"when they can start presenting their needs to the government, rather than having Bangkok tell them what they need."

Theh explains: "At present the villager doesn't understand democracy—he'll sell you his vote for 20 *baht* ($1). But with elections in the village, they'll start discussing issues, and then a good leader will emerge from them for the Parliament."

Dr. Robert Zimmerman, author of several articles on recent Thai politics, emphasizes that for the first time local governments will have some real resources, and the authority to use them on projects they have planned themselves. In his opinion, the process of rural decentralization that is underway may be gathering irreversible momentum. The next step, he says, could be to give elected province councils a similar degree of resources and autonomy, perhaps even including the power to collect their own taxes. After that might come the election of province governors, who are now appointed from Bangkok.

Others fear that the effect of Kukrit's program will be to strengthen the conservative forces now in power. "I'm afraid the government is going to establish a very effective political machine through these tambon councils," says Dr. Amar Siamwalla, a prominent young economist at Thammasat. "There have traditionally been godfathers at the local level responsible for keeping law and order. The decentralization program will give them economic power as well."

The political implications of his plan to infuse funds and credit and power into the rural areas have surely not escaped the shrewd political judgment of Kukrit Pramoj. He and his party stand to benefit most from its success. But despite his aristocratic background, or perhaps because of it, Kukrit seems genuinely committed to raising the lot of the rural masses. A historian himself, as well as former banker, teacher, columnist and newspaper publisher, "Kukrit now wants to do something for which he will be remembered in history," in the opinion of Theh Chonkhadikij. "He feels that if he can change the *status quo* he will be remembered."

Whether he can succeed in that depends first on whether he can survive in office long enough to get his programs going. Though most of the people are rather weary of governments that come and go, and almost all of the parties are at the moment exhausted financially, many observers see the tenuous coalition coming unglued quite soon. The first test will be in September when the government must try to present a budget which the Parliament will adopt. Even if Kukrit survives that hurdle, competition among the strong-minded personalities of his Cabinet for the political and financial rewards of incumbency will probably lead to the government's collapse within a year.

When the elections do come, it is generally assumed that most of the small parties will be either washed away or absorbed into their larger, more viable competitors. Many major party leaders feel that, given the deadlock that the multi-party experience has produced, the people will vote next time for parties rather than personalities.

It is also expected that the military-clique parties of the old elite—led by Social Justice and Thai Nation—will

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march next time under one banner, with possibly a new and formidable politician, Commander in Chief of the Army, Gen. Kris Sivara, in the lead. General Kris will retire from the army this October, and it is said that he is already preparing his entry into politics. Should Kukrit's government collapse this fall, Kris would be likely to run in the elections as the conservative party's obvious choice for Prime Minister.

So far, he has remained rigorously nonpartisan, wisely putting distance between himself and the deposed dictators, and demonstrating his commitment to the new democratic system. As the man who stopped the shooting in October 1973, and kept the military from intervening in the critical transition period that followed, Kris has political assets enjoyed by no other general. And as political scientist Prudhisan Jumbala points out, "Kris is the epitome of the leader who would satisfy the Thai people at the present moment. He is a strongman, but intelligent enough to be aware of the situation. He's a gentleman and a clear speaker. You could describe him as the benevolent dictator."

There is deep concern among many Thai intellectuals and political activists that a benevolent dictator may be exactly what the masses long for—that people are beginning to tire of the laborious processes and perennial bickering and conflict that democracy seems to involve. Editors, students and academicians all stress the urgent need to educate the people about democracy and inculcate in them a patience with its noisy, time-consuming ways. Says Dr. Likhit Dhiravegin, "I'd like to have eight years to build up and institutionalize certain rules of the game that not only the people accept, but the M.P.s as well. The problem is that we may not have eight years."

What concerns Dr. Likhit is the host of problems now emerging all at once because they were for so long played down or covered up by the dictatorship. The Communist insurgency in the north could well erupt into a full-scale guerrilla war should Thailand now fail to reach some understanding with an ever stronger North Vietnam. A huge number of young people, the product of a staggering birth rate, will be added to the work force in the next few years. A rapidly growing (and potentially explosive) glut of college graduates cannot find jobs. And there are the long-neglected hardships of the peasant and working masses who are just now beginning to be mobilized.

Few people fear a military coup at any time in the near future, unless one of these problems spills over into urgent crisis. And even then it would more likely be a constitutional coup, with the invocation of emergency provisions of martial law, rather than the usual forced dismissal of Parliament and scrapping of the Constitution. The present military leaders are thought to have no stomach for the almost certain bloody resistance that would meet an attempted old-style coup.

Still, the military remains an enigma to most civilians, and should the growing social problems and demands sweep into power a Socialist-leaning government determined to dismantle the vested interests of the military-business elites, or should radical students and political leaders take to the streets in frustration with the parliamentary process, the restraint of the military might well be lifted in a very brutal way.

For the near future, unless Kukrit Pramoj can deliver some dramatic improvements in the economic position of farmers and urban workers, and unless the students and other new political activists can make impressive gains in their campaign to educate and mobilize the masses, it seems likely that Thailand will slowly settle back into its traditional paternalistic pattern of leadership, under a former general like Kris Sivara who would be "reliable" enough to protect the vested economic interests but smart enough to recognize the limits of the Constitution and the watchdog role of the press, the students and the various interest groups. □

THE INDIANS OF ATTICA

A Taste of White Man's Justice

BRUCE JACKSON

Buffalo

The first of the Attica murder trials ended at 9:17 P.M. on Saturday, April 5, when, after three days of deliberation, an Erie County jury announced that it had found 23-year-old John B. Hill guilty of the 1971 murder of Attica guard William Quinn, and 22-year-old Charles Pernasilice guilty of second-degree attempted assault on Quinn.

The only evidence against Pernasilice came from one witness who claimed he had seen Pernasilice strike Quinn across the back, but medical testimony showed that Quinn's back was unbruised. Pernasilice had originally been charged with murder, but State Supreme Court Justice Gilbert King reduced that charge because of lack of evidence; King didn't explain why that didn't warrant a complete dismissal. Most observers thought Pernasilice had been put on trial with Hill only so that the jury could have someone it could acquit to ease the burden of convicting Hill.

The state didn't want to try Hill alone because the evidence against him was particularly weak for a murder indictment. There was no evidence of premeditation; the inmate witnesses didn't make their identifications until long after the 1971 rebellion, and in exchange for their testimony they received early release from prison and some got police protection when they were charged with subsequent

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offenses; one of the two guard witnesses admitted he had lied in his identification of a third potential defendant because he knew that he would be rewarded with transfer to a prison closer to his home; the other guard witness not only gave different testimony at different times but had been employed by the foreman of the Wyoming County grand jury which brought the forty-two separate indictments naming sixty-two former and present inmates. (That same grand jury refused to bring any charges against troopers or guards for torture or wanton killing of inmates, as documented by the state's official McKay Commission. The defense expected outright acquittal for Pernasilice and either conviction for manslaughter or a hung jury for Hill. One judge not connected with the case agreed: "With that testimony," he said, "I can't see them getting a murder conviction."

Perhaps the most important factors in the trial were the attitude of Justice King and the political orientation of Buffalo, the Erie County seat. The state agreed not to have the Attica trials held in Wyoming County, which is where the prison is located, but that was only because the major industry in Wyoming County is the prison—most people there work in the prison, work in service industries connected with the prison, or are related to the white rural guards who staffed the prison at the time of the rebellion. So the trials were moved to Erie County, 30 miles away. The defense had attempted to get the trials held in New York City, where the ethnic balance of the population more closely approximated the population of the prison, but they failed. Erie County is a place of tightknit ethnic enclaves and comfortable white suburbs; the area is politically conservative. During the prison rebellion, local papers ran full-page stories about guards who had their throats cut and torn genitals stuffed into their mouths. The stories were later proven false, but the idea that the violence had been precipitated by a number of downstate violent "niggers" never lost currency.

Justice King had little experience in criminal cases and he was terrified of coming off as another foolish and bumbling Julius Hoffman. He ran a tight, almost paranoid court, complete with a caged-in entryway and heavily armed deputies in constant attendance. He was so afraid of reversal that, in the early days of the trial, he met regularly with another Supreme Court justice to go over his decisions; he several times without explanation reversed himself the following morning. King refused to permit the defense to discuss the political or social situation at Attica; he allowed no testimony about anything before or after the first day of the riot. It would be hard to prove his rulings were prejudiced, but most courtroom observers felt he regularly sided with the prosecution and reacted to objections from Hill's lawyer, William M. Kunstler, from his co-counsel Margaret Ratner, and from Ramsey Clark (who, with Edward Koren and Herman Schwartz represented Pernasilice), with an animosity not generated by anything that had happened in his courtroom. After the verdict, for example, Kunstler and Clark asked that both defendants be allowed to stay on bail until sentencing and appeal; King refused and immediately remanded both to the county jail. The attorneys argued that the defendants had always appeared whenever anyone asked for them during the past two years, and that Pernasilice's offense was only a Class E felony (maximum of four years). The judge remained adamant. Kunstler said he was worried that Hill and Pernasilice would be murdered in jail. "If they die in jail you know who put them there," he said. "You did," the judge replied. Reporters in the courtroom got the sense that the judge was speaking of Kunstler's politics, not his defense.

Kunstler's concern was not irrelevant. Hill and Pernasilice had been convicted for killing and assaulting a prison guard. Ironically, neither should have been in Attica in the first place, since they had been sent to prison as youthful offenders, not felons. Hill now faces a life sentence; Pernasilice faces one to four years. The great danger, while the appeal drags on, is that both will be murdered in prison. The guards won't do it, but it is easy

Punch

"Hey! It Was My Turn to Overreact!"

enough in those places for the guards to influence inmates to do such work for them. Pernasilice, who will be in prison for only a short time even if his appeal fails, is in a more dangerous situation than Hill; the guards will want to make their point before he is set loose.

From the guards' position, making the point is important. These two young Indians are the first Attica inmates to be convicted in a case involving the death of a guard. If they were to do easy time or go free after only a year or two, then the guards will feel that their own lives are in greater danger. It isn't likely they will allow that. The killings will occur as the murders of Beckett and Jock Yablonski probably occurred, in the subjunctive: Would that someone would rid me of this rude servant. . . .And someone will—someone always does.

After the jury was polled, Kunstler and Clark rushed to the county jail, their concern being for the immediate safety of Hill and Pernasilice. Kunstler was stopped by reporters on his way out. "This is an utter miscarriage of justice," he told them. "These are two innocent men who have been convicted after a trial in which perjured and fabricated testimony was offered. . . . I know that if John Hill is in jail for having killed a corrections officer, he will be killed or molested or injured or harmed in jail. . . ." (Kunstler had some grounds for fearing the kind of protection the deputy sheriffs in the jail would give his client.

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One deputy told the jury that Margaret Ratner was "a prick," and a day after being reported for that told a row of spectators in the courtroom that the defense staff and defendants were "faggots, all of them—faggots." A policeman called Kunstler a "fucking Jew." Most important: during an early stage of the trial the deputies had themselves beaten Pernasilice.

The sequence of trials has been carefully planned by the prosecution: the first had to do with the presumed rape by blacks of a white; that was thrown out for lack of corroborating evidence. The Hill-Penasilice case had to do with the presumed killing of a white guard by a pair of young Indians. The next case will involve the killing of one inmate by other inmates. The various cases dealing with kidnapping and felony murder come late in the series. The state wants convictions on the easy ones before it goes on to the others.

Shortly after the end of the Hill-Pernasilice trial, two public revelations threatened to make a judicial shambles of the entire Attica prosecution sequence. First was the discovery of a 140-page report by former Assistant Atty. Gen. Malcolm H. Bell on irregularities in the Attica prosecutions that had been given to New York Governor Carey the first week in January. Bell had been in charge of much of the grand jury phase of the Attica prosecution. He claimed that his boss, chief Attica prosecutor Anthony G. Simonetti, had kept him from presenting to the Wyoming County grand jury information about slaughter by prison guards and state troopers during the taking of the prison and about torture of inmates after the institution was secured. When in mid-April Bell began talking to the press about his report, Carey agreed to have an investigation of the charges, but he didn't explain why the report had been kept secret until the Hill-Pernasilice trial had been completed. One National Guard doctor told reporters that he had told officials about tortures he had seen immediately after the takeover, but he wasn't formally questioned until two and a half years later, by which time he could no longer identify the people involved. No one in the Attorney General's office explained why such evidence was ignored for so long or why Bell's investigations were limited.

Defense attorneys in various Attica cases immediately began filing motions for dismissal on the ground of selective prosecution: some inmates who were only in the yard during the rebellion have been charged with kidnapping, while police and guards who, against orders, shot down unarmed men (the prison guards weren't supposed to take part in the invasion) were not even subject to serious attention by the investigators. It was long assumed that the Wyoming County grand jury brought in no guard and police indictments because its members identified closely with prison authorities, but now it appears that they were supported in that point of view by state officials who wanted the trials limited to inmates and former inmates.

Before the force of Bell's disclosure was fully appreciated by defense staffs, there came another disclosure that may be even more explosive: a young woman named Mary Jo Cook admitted that she had spied on the Attica defense team for some months and had transmitted that information to the FBI. Although FBI representatives insisted her work was not connected with Attica (she was hired to spy on the Vietnam Veterans Against the War and on welfare rights groups), she pointed out that her monthly informer fee increased after she started transmitting Attica defense information. The FBI did admit she was paid from June 1, 1973 through October 22, 1974, "at which time she was discontinued." They did not say why she was discontinued or what was done with the Attica information she supplied.

There is still no way to evaluate how much that information helped the prosecution in the Hill-Pernasilice case, but New York sociologist Jay Schulman, who worked on the jury selection project, said he was amazed at the state prosecutors' "unfailing correctness" in rejecting jurors the defense wanted to have sit on the trial. He said that in none of the many other political trials he worked on in the past several years had the prosecutors' rejections so accurately frustrated the defense attorneys' desires. Unless one assumes that the prosecution in this case was untypically astute, then Ms. Cook's information seems to have played a vital part in the prosecution of John Hill and Charles Pernasilice.

It is hard to take seriously FBI claims that they didn't seek Attica information and that they didn't work with the state prosecutors. Recent revelations about FBI perjury and deception in the Wounded Knee trial indicate that the agency is quite willing to lie to judges about how it acquires information and how it rewards spies and informants it places in defense organizations. It will take far more than press questions to establish the truth of what the FBI did in the Attica trials and to evaluate how much the chances for a fair trial were reduced by FBI transmittal of privileged conversations and defense strategies. Nor do we know how many other paid informants the FBI has currently spread among the defense teams working on the other Attica trials. Kunstler and Clark moved to have the convictions of Hill and Pernasilice set aside because these revelations indicate the prosecution was so contaminated that the defendants had little chance at a fair trial. State attorneys have made it clear that they will fight these motions.

Someone said recently that Attica is the only public horror of recent years that never made it into the pop culture. Unlike the Kennedy assassinations, the war in Vietnam, the Chicago 7 trial and the Nixon fiasco, Attica was just too awful to be absorbed, too gratuitous to make sense in the glittery scene of late-night talk shows, amusing posters and easy books. A secret social ulcer was revealed during those horrible days in the Attica yard, and the main spokesmen were gunned down in an explosive orgy by troopers and prison guards who indiscriminately slaughtered their own along with the convicts. The conversation started in the Attica yard was drowned in the blasts of rifles and shotguns. The man who ordered that silence—Nelson Rockefeller—is now Vice President of the United States.

In this sequence of trials, the state of New York is desperately trying to make it all sensible. It is trying to say that the blacks and their friends were responsible. That is a lie, and the million dollar conviction of two Indians who at the time of the rebellion were teen-agers who shouldn't even have been in Attica, and the desperate attempt to squelch awareness of the significance of selective prosecution and illegal spying on the defense, are only the most recent steps in making that lie a commodious and acceptable public truth. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Distinctive Literary Voice

CELEBRATION. *By Harvey Swados. Simon and Schuster. 348 pp. $8.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

I did not know Harvey Swados, although I met him once, when I was a young graduate student, self-consciously working class, and he was a summer session writer-in-residence. I found it difficult to speak to him, even though we shared a departmental office. *On the Line* had just been published and it was a profoundly disturbing book for me. Like so many scions of the working class who went in for literature during the Eisenhower years, I was still trying to avoid thinking about what I had grown up knowing, the reality of class. I wanted nothing more than to surrender to the demands of the New Criticism, to purify my soul in the waters of textual explication. Literature was ironic, complex; skeptical detachment was demanded of the critic. But *On the Line* was a reminder of the clumsy essentials of life, the kind of book that wasn't supposed to be written in the 1950s.

And so it was that even though I could scarcely mumble "hello" to him some fourteen years ago, Harvey Swados' death in 1972 left me feeling as one does on learning of the sudden death of a friend who has not been given the chance to fulfill his promise. Not that Swados was an unfulfilled writer. The posthumous *Celebration* is his thirteenth book, not bad for an author who died when he was 52 and who had worked at the traditional variety of writers' jobs in order to earn a living. I have never wanted to like a novel more, but *Celebration* is not, I must admit, among the books I will remember Harvey Swados for. Because it is about a man on the verge of death, it will inevitably be read as Swados' literary last will and testament, perhaps even a premonition of his fate. But Harvey Swados was no Samuel Lumen, whose journal between April 15 and September 16, 1975 describes the world of an 89-year-old radical celebrity who discovers that he himself, rather than his ideas, has become the battleground upon which different modes of existence war with one another.

Exactly why Swados found the subject of *Celebration* appealing is puzzling. One cannot be certain of what he wanted to do. It is about the relationship between ideology and death, ideology and reputation, ideology and the need for a measured optimism in times such as our own. And it is recorded by a man who has experienced the necessity and joy of surviving not as a victim but as one who triumphs within his lifetime. Unfortunately, Sam Lumen, a radical who has won international renown for his pioneering work in education, seems so far removed from his world as to have become the product of his own memoirs. He reminded me a great deal of Herman Fenton, the *arriviste* Jewish manufacturer of Swados' first novel, *Out Went the Candle.*

The journal technique is peculiar in that it works against Sam Lumen's credibility. There is a strange lack of intimacy about the narrative, as if Sam's consciousness had been born public. The story's conflict is created at the outset. Sam's liberal friends have persuaded the President of the United States to name the newly established National Children's Center after him. At the age of 89, Sam is to be co-opted. But his very human desire to be so honored is contested by a radical group called the Children of Liberty, among whom he discovers Seth, a grandson who may be his son (Sam had seduced his own son's wife while the son was fighting and ultimately dying in World War II). Seth accuses him of having become a "national monument."

But Sam is burdened by his awareness, and his burden ultimately becomes the reader's. At times, his self-consciousness gives way and he sheds his pomposity, his sense of himself as a monumental force. At such moments, we see a man wounded by mortality and waiting to die but insisting on the prerogatives of individuality. But such moments are infrequent. One can care passionately about the people in the last novel Swados published during his lifetime, *Standing Fast*; their radicalism is the stuff of their lives. But Sam and his young photographer wife and the Children of Liberty—there is little we can care about here. Long before the novel's conclusion, Sam Lumen has been defeated, even if his integrity remains intact.

Leonard Kriegel is finishing a narrative about working-class life in the Bronx. He teaches English and American Studies at the City College of New York.

And yet, there is much here that is characteristic of Harvey Swados. His literary signature is upon all his work. And to read him today is to be made uncomfortable by one's adopted sophistication. For one thing, Swados wrote out of a compassion that was the basis of his honesty: it is noteworthy that Swados, whose politics was socialism and whose deepest sympathies were with the working-class victims of industrial society, should have written so sympathetically of that *bête noire* of the contemporary American writer, the much-berated middle class. In this, he resembles George Gissing and Arnold Bennett more than he does his American contemporaries. Compare Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus* to Swados' *Out Went the Candle.* Roth's novella was written out of a distaste so ferocious that it strips the humanity from its characters. Swados portrays a man who edges toward tragedy, trapped by a society that claims his daughter as the price for the corruption it has taught him: Roth measures the Patimkins by the standards of the American middle class he believes he is mocking. Because Swados knows better, he is more compassionate.

But it was as a journalist and creator of short stories that Swados was particularly of our time. He refused to accept the myths of the 1950s. *On the Line* was not the only indication of that. At a time when other writers found the working class boring, Swados wrote a brilliant series of essays which showed exactly how the American worker had been victimized by the limited success of the trade union movement. Such pieces as "Less Work—Less Leisure" and "The Myth of the Happy Worker" (which appeared in *The Nation*, August 17, 1957) demonstrated that labor was at the mercy of a technology that had grown beyond the possibility of control. Along with B.J. Widick and Irving Howe, Swados reminded us in the 1950s that rubber workers in Akron and dock workers in San Francisco did not lack the intellectual's imagination so much as his social visibility. "There is one thing that the worker doesn't do like the middle class: he works like a worker." "The worker's attitude toward his work is gen-

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POETRY READING

The winners of DISCOVERY-THE NATION, '75 will read their poems in an event sponsored by The Poetry Center of the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. The competition, a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" and *The Nation*'s poetry contest, was open to poets who have not been published in book form.

The reading will be held at 8 P.M. on Monday, May 12, in The Poetry Center's temporary auditorium, The Dalton School, 108 East 89th Street, New York City.

erally compounded of hatred, shame, and resignation." Such profoundly simple insights insist on a wholly different moral dimension than is to be found among those theorists who are happy to discuss "alienation" in the early Marx but are bored by "alienation" in Akron.

What remains appealing about Swados' journalism is his insistence on *what is given*. His commitment to socialism was matched by his commitment to the truth. In our world, the two do not necessarily go together. Like Orwell, Swados examined the working class, warts and all, while he retained his faith in its capacity to behave in a human way.

And yet, Swados wanted to be thought of as a writer of fiction. "When I wish to say not what is on my mind, but in my heart (and unknown to me even there until it emerges), I can do so only through the medium of fiction." In rereading his work, I have asked myself why he never attempted to achieve the kind of synthesis of novelist and journalist that one finds in Clancy Sigal's *Weekend in Dinlock*. No writer appears better equipped, both by temperament and talent, to have achieved such a synthesis. His fiction, whatever its stylistic limitations, makes sense to any reader who believes that the writer is the historian of his time, and his work must echo the discord of life.

Swados' imagination was so firmly rooted in the problems of our age that even his best fiction tends toward polemic. *Out Went the Candle* is like that, as is *Standing Fast*, a novel he published as the 1960s came to an end. For me, the latter book is Harvey Swados at his best. I prefer it even to *On the Line* and that remarkable collection of stories, *Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn*. Published in 1970, it reads as if he had been working on it for a long time, trying to capture the tone of a small segment of the American Left between 1940 and 1963. Given the course of historical events, what difference did it make that there were a handful of Trotskyists in 1940 still trying to convince workers not to fight in an imperialist war? But Swados makes it meaningful by embracing their lives, as he does not embrace Sam Lumen. The men and women of *Standing Fast* work, love, fight, have children, become dentists and artists; above all, they take politics seriously. To deny the power of the novel because Trotskyism inspired only a handful of the young people of the world, even in the burnt-ash year of 1940, is like denying the power of *Madame Bovary* because not all convent girls are fatally influenced by romantic novels.

Swados' vision in *Standing Fast* is light years away from that of the audience for whom I imagine he intended it, the New Left. To my knowledge, the novel has not had much of an audience among the young; both the cloth and paperback versions were soon out of print. The tragedy of this is that *Standing Fast* has a great deal to say to the young. The canvas is large, the characters appealing and real, their intimacies as much acts of historical being as of personal revelation. Swados sets his characters in a world in which politics is real but never total. Only in the case of Paul, the guilt-ridden, Columbia-educated son of Carmi and Irwin, does he fail. Paul leaves Columbia to live among the poor in Harlem (a not unbelievable gesture in 1963), where he works as a delivery boy and is finally stomped to death as the white "Goldberg" in the black sea. Paul was Swados' link between the radicalism of 1940 and the radicalism emerging in 1963. While too obvious, the strategy might yet have been carried off. But it strains at the novel's theme—that radicalism exists within time's demands. And because time is what Swados is writing about in *Standing Fast*, Paul does not succeed in linking two worlds. Yet the voice of the novel is an authentic American voice from the Left.

It is easy to fall into eulogy when a writer dies suddenly, especially when that writer has not met with the understanding and the audience one thinks he merited. But Swados deserves something better than a sentimental requiem. He was an honest writer and a perceptive social critic during a period in our literary history when the writer's capacity for self-glorification had become a cultural staple. I do not remember ever seeing him on any of those television talk shows. He was a writer for whom words were instrumental to the

OLD THINGS

We are buying the skating lamps
and china cups whether we need them or not,
my hand reaching without me
for a wind-up victrola. "Sold!"
his cane finds me out. "And that's a steal!"
I know what he means, never
having thought before of life without
a victrola. My neighbor congratulates
skill though I admit it
bought me. *I concede to this needful music,*
voices like feathers blown by separate motions
of wheel and arm. I remember my breath
is a visitor in song so nearly gone.
I regard this machine, this way of keeping
a word from the mouth. Such containers
are like pictures of rivers
in the dark. They go on
as the hope of the eye
over what it has seen. These appraisals
in the open are how the mind
walks around itself, waiting to be
taken in by what it half knows—
this antique clock you will buy
without a pendulum, this china closet
with missing shelves and glass, the mirror
without an image, to be salvaged
for its oval frame.

Tess Gallagher

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deed, not the deed itself. And if his books emerged out of the man, as books inevitably do, they are not really autobiographical. He does not seem to have been particularly interested in himself. His work is what one must judge him by, and his work meant a great deal to me. I wish I had been able to tell him how I felt about *On the Line*. If they reread that book, if they reread the short stories and the journalism and the novels, as I have recently, many people, I think, will be as surprised as I was to discover again that Harvey Swados had a distinctive literary voice, a voice that spoke for us. □

Substantial Equality by 2575

THE WELFARE STATE AND EQUALITY: Structural and Ideological Roots of Public Expenditures. *By Harold L. Wilensky. University of California Press. 145 pp. $6.95.*

EDWARD GREENBERG

This volume strikes me as being at once paradoxical and all too typical of books on political science that one is likely to encounter. It is strange because of its contorted logic, its misuse of data and its effort to avoid tough questions. At the same time, it is typical of much of the work of contemporary, mainstream social science in that it hides ideological and apologetic purposes behind a formidable barrier of sophisticated data manipulation (time-series analysis, regression analysis, path analysis, and so on) and claims to scientific objectivity.

The welfare state in most Western nations has been the object of a great deal of criticism of late, not only from its traditional conservative opponents but from activists and scholars of the Left who point out that the welfare state has not made any appreciable dent in social, economic and political inequalities. The Wilensky book is a response, often an angry response, to the latter criticism and he directs his analysis toward proving ". . . that the net effect of the welfare state is egalitarian." While he proves the case to his own satisfaction, to an objective observer it is soon apparent that he is able to do so only by defining the welfare state in an overly narrow fashion, by ignoring counter evidence and by defining welfare state benefits in a most peculiar way. Rather than viewing government activities in their totality and calculating the distributional effects of those activities on the social order, Wilensky focuses only on the distribution of social security benefits (more broadly defined, to be sure, than our own definition of Social Security). Such a procedure allows him to ignore government activities which tend to distribute their largesse upward in the social order and to focus on the narrow range of activities which have some minor redistributive effects. He thus chooses to ignore considerations like the following: the distributional impact of military spending, which in some nations consumes approximately one-half of annual budgets; the distributional impact of property-favoring tax loopholes such as capital gains, income splitting, investment tax credits and the like; subsidies to the wealthy, which include mortgage and property tax deductions many times the size of direct housing subsidies for the poor in all Western nations; subsidies to corporations, which include public financing of the bulk of research and development costs; and a whole range of disguised privileges of the wealthy, which includes expense accounts, greater utilization of public higher education, greater access to political and bureaucratic leadership.

By ignoring all of these considerations, Wilensky manages to by-pass the most important issue of all—the relative stability in the distribution of wealth and income in the Western nations since at least the early 1950s. He manages to do so by merely asserting that the issue is, if not trivial, certainly not worth the effort. He says of his interest in pensions and public aid, ". . . an analysis of the determinants and effects of such large components of government budgets may be more central to the question of 'who gets what, how and when' than most of the stratification research of recent years." This statement, a surprising and not at all self-evident one, is never examined, merely asserted.

Having now defined the welfare state as a very narrow slice of the total range of governmental activities in the Western nations, and thus avoiding disconcerting and contradictory evidence, Wilensky turns to social security benefits and argues for their egalitarian implications. Even here, however, his logic is contorted. For instance, while he acknowledges that social insurance programs are financed through regressive

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taxes, he claims that most programs are redistributive in the sense that they tax the working poor and the active working class, and distribute benefits to the elderly poor. No one, of course, ever claimed that redistribution between age groups did not take place, so Wilensky is here attacking a straw man, and a pathetically weak one. The key issue of stratification theory, however, is the flow of benefits between income groups.

At another point in the analysis, he claims that social insurance taxes are not as regressive as originally suspected because, in calculating the percentage of taxes to income, we have traditionally failed to include as income the benefits received by the poor. Recalculating social insurance taxes in this fashion, Wilensky claims that the tax rates of the poor are lower than expected. What Wilensky fails to do is to follow the same procedure for the wealthy, taking account of the governmental benefits and advantages which they receive, some of which I have mentioned.

Despite the objective, scientific and quantitative approach taken by Wilensky in this book, his ideological purpose as defender of the welfare state against its critics comes through at random points in the analysis, most particularly in his petty but vitriolic attacks on radical critics. At one point, for instance, he says that radicals ought to admit to themselves that their central concern is not to better the position of the poor, but to "get the rich." Several pages later he claims that radical critics are opposed to the welfare state because it works so well that there remains no one to follow them to the barricades. I leave it to the reader to judge the wisdom of such statements. □

What Came of the Passion

THE WINE OF ASTONISHMENT. *By Rachel MacKenzie. The Viking Press. 154 pp. $5.95.*

HELEN YGLESIAS

Almost 100 years after it was written, Henry James's remarkable essay on Hawthorne is still fresh in its compassionate and penetrating probing of the problems of writing in America. He wrote then:

> He was so modest and delicate a genius that we may fancy him appealing from the lonely honour of a representative attitude—perceiving a painful incongruity between his imponderable literary baggage and the large conditions of American life. Hawthorne, on the one side, is so subtle and slender and unpretending, and the American world, on the other, is so vast and various and substantial. . . .

The "large conditions of American life" have since grown to unimaginably monstrous proportions, and the appeal of our writers from the oppression they exercise on the imagination—their frantic efforts to tame this gross reality, to subdue it, laugh it up, formalize or fantasize it into readable shape—has resulted in our unclassifiably varied and exciting literature. It has also created a good bit of shlock and junk and much chaotic and noisy confusion in which a book as quiet as Rachel MacKenzie's *The Wine of Astonishment* might have been lost or overlooked. That it was not is due to the power of the author's intention and its perfect execution. The book commands attention by its resonance—pure crystal set to ringing by the tap of solid silver.

Does this sound too refined to be interesting? Elsewhere in the same essay, Henry James said of *The Scarlet Letter* that it had "an indefinable purity and lightness of conception, a quality which in a work of art affects one in the same way as the absence of grossness does in a human being." That thought, too, is applicable to *The Wine of Astonishment*. But "the absence of grossness" would seem to be a quality too quaint to make any impact on our present concerns. Who cares about that today? It is the achievement of this brief novel that it makes us care, and that it returns us to so basic and simple a concept.

This story of the disappointing loves of two spinster sisters is also perfectly named from Psalm 60:3: "Thou hast shewed thy people hard things: thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment." And in the revelations of this narrow drama, one learns something hard, lasting, bitter, yet sweetly and strongly true about American life. A mystery has been uncovered.

Framed by the narrator's childhood memory of "two gentlewomen fallen upon evil days," the story tells of Martha and Esther Henderson, unmarried daughters of a mother with more energy than is good for her "girls." They are 29 and 32 when she keels over in the tulip bed and dies, leaving them the Henderson Preserving Company, the leading industry of Pliny Falls, an upstate New York community which the Hendersons dominate. They are also left the house on Main Street, ". . . Greek Revival, plumply pillared . . . a handsome house, handsomely set, just enough farther back from the street than any of its neighbors, on just enough of a rise of ground, to give the impression of overlooking and dominating the village . . ." as well as the Henderson heritage as the backbone of the First Presbyterian Church. Freed from domination, the younger sister falls in love with a married man, and both learn that their traditional heritage not only sustains but will also flatten, exhaust and severely punish those who stray from its strictures. Savaged by the stilted mores and manners of the earlier part of the century, and swamped by an economic depression and industrial expansion beyond their comprehension, they cling to survival, bearing up, and slipping into a state of eccentricity as the pixilated old ladies and addled old man that, having read this book, we will not laugh at any more. The mystery of the three apparently grotesque, ridiculous lives continuing to exist in the deteriorating house, is solved. We recognize suffering flesh.

This is, then, a work of loving, unsentimental restoration which in its clean evocation of a segment of our past history carries an important message. It shows us where we've been, so that we may think more cleverly and profoundly of where we are and where we're going. In this sense, it should speak particularly to women—especially to those burning with the new consciousness—in the same way that Kate Chopin's *The Awakening* does, or perhaps more to the point, the works of Sarah Orne Jewett—but there may be too much noise on that front for its message to come through. Like the wine this writing evokes, in order to savor its fine, dry, full-bodied quality, we need first to clear our palates.

The precision of the prose and of the book's detail will come as no surprise to readers of Rachel MacKenzie's earlier book, *Risk*, an account of her own experience as an open-heart surgery patient. In that encounter between death and modern technology, life triumphed, but what the reader cheered was not the new scientific marvels but the delicate, courageous and stubbornly strong sensibility governing the experience. The flawless surface of her writing is also no surprise to those who know Rachel MacKenzie as a *New Yorker* editor for seventeen years. (It would be interesting to explore the question of *New*

Helen Yglesias is the author of a novel, How She Died, *(Houghton Mifflin Co. and Warner Paperback).*

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Yorker style and the magazine's much abused if respected and coveted position as the country's leading publication for fine fiction, to see if indeed the case against *New Yorker* taste makes sense in literary or any other terms. Though *Risk* appeared in its entirety in *The New Yorker, The Wine of Astonishment* ran, in a somewhat cut version, in *Redbook*. Not sophisticated enough for *The New Yorker*? Or because *Risk* contained extraneous but highly prized values? The woman writer at death's door, or even better, right on through it, is particularly prized, and even more so if she's mad and a suicide. But these speculations belong in another piece.) What is clear is the author's expertise, and to be allowed to indulge one's pleasure in its assured application to detail is one of the happiest effects of reading *The Wine of Astonishment*.

Oliver Bradley, the married man with whom the younger sister falls in love, is excused for his role in the scandalous affair by an unusually compassionate elder of the church: "You got to make allowance for a pink-haired tenor. . . . They have it harder than the rest of us. It takes a delicate nature to climb up the scale like Oliver Bradley." Nothing is explained, everything is pictured. The younger sister's pitiful attempt to leap into the dangerous and freer air of the 1920s is vividly established by her Christmas outfit—an electric-blue silk dress with a wide silver band for her hair—and in the Christmas gift she gives Oliver, a photograph of herself, described by Oliver's threatened wife as "too arty for me, with all that velvet chucked under your chin and your eyes rolled up—looks as if you might be hunting for a vision." The poignancy of Oliver Bradley's estrangement from his children after his divorce and marriage to Esther is exquisitely rendered in the animal fables he writes for them as his weekly letters. They make the man's pain whole for us.

The pastor with whom the older sister is in love confronts the difficulties created in the community by the younger sister's behavior with Oliver, but if his series of righteous sermons on the sanctity of the home opens the door to tragedy, these scenes are also moments of comedy since unintended targets see his words as aimed at them and flee to the Baptists. First to go is Byron Stokes of the Pliny Falls Stokes Coal and Ice Co., outraged by the implied insult to Mrs. Stokes, a former divorcée, who had anyway "always had a hankering after immersion." And when the pastor, overcome by his failures, leaves Pliny Falls, the older sister's grief is given its perfect image. She buries her face in the couch, and after a long while, rises from her stiff, unexpressed pain and passing "the mahogany framed mirror built into the wall . . . sees the pattern of the crocheted afghan marked deep into her forehead."

The pattern of the crocheted afghan is the "figure in the carpet." We are back to Henry James. And back to Hawthorne territory in the scene which closes the book—a grotesque parody enactment of the old style and the old virtues. The decaying parlor of the once handsome house, where two romantic and foolish women display the mementos of their existence, is a real American place, bathed in the light of innocence and the dust motes of subtle ironies, and quite terrible to see in its final revelation. □

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J.S. Mill Was Weaned Too Soon

JAMES AND JOHN STUART MILL: Father and Son in the Nineteenth Century. *By Bruce Mazlish. Basic Books. 512 pp. $16.95.*

PETER HEINEGG

Sigmund Freud was only a schoolboy when John Stuart Mill died in Avignon in the spring of 1873. The two never met, although Freud did read Mill and translated some of his work. One could imagine them bumping into each other in a quiet corner of Hades, where the modest Englishman might reluctantly submit to analysis. Mill would doubtless blanch as the irrepressible doctor dredged up matter from beneath the placid surface of his life, beginning with his Oedipal troubles and ending with his extravagant uxoriousness. "*Ach, mein Lieber*," Freud might say—but we need press our little fantasy no further, for Prof. Bruce Mazlish has trained his battery of Freudian instruments on every inch of Mill's existence, and published his findings in this massive "psychohistory."

Unfortunately, while Freud could not wish for a more devoted disciple, Mazlish does not have the gifts of his master. His speculative vision is poor and leads him off on one wild-goose chase after another. He has a tin ear for the resonances of human character, and only the dullest feeling for style. And so, after braving more than 400 pages of its prose, the reader finds this book has taught him little of value about J.S. Mill.

Mazlish apologizes from time to time for the outlandishness of his ideas, but the real problem lies beyond this. To suggest that Mill was a bisexual who married a domineering woman in order to possess both his father and his mother is not merely far-fetched—it is pointless. It explains nothing of the Mill we know from his books and the better biographies. Again, Mazlish claims that Mill's profound grief at the death of his wife was partly due to guilt for surviving her and partly a release of the emotions still pent up since the death of his parents, whom he had scarcely mourned at all. Here, as elsewhere, Mazlish builds arguments on a thin layer of evidence and the stout conviction that every incident, however trivial, hides rich subliminal meanings. For him, as for any dogmatist, there is no such thing as an accident. Does Mill lose his watch at the age of 16? A rejection, evidently, of the "Newtonian clockmaker's universe," so dear to his Utilitarian father. Does he take an interest in the French Revolution? A repressed

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GEESE

They are over
The marsh now
An umbrella
Of feathers and cries.

It's almost more
Than I can hold
The way reeds bend
To see the watery reflection
Of their own swaying

They and the fading geese
One string inviting
The dark to dance
To sift from the branches
Of the actual

To surround me
Like breath
Returning

When everything else
Has gone.

Michael Shorb

longing to get rid of the tyrannical James Mill. Does he call his friend Sarah Austin "*Mütterlein*"? Incestuous passion. Again and again Mazlish flies in the face of sense. He admits that Mill scorned or neglected his mother all his adult life, yet he thinks Mill fell in love with Harriet Taylor in order symbolically to steal his mother (also named Harriet) from his father. But after winning his mother-substitute, he could not bear to violate her, so Mill's great love was never consummated. And so on, in that vein.

When Mazlish is not pursuing such chimeras, he wades methodically through Mill's writings, summarizing and quoting liberally as he goes. These are the dullest stretches of the book. We sense that the author's heart is not in it, that he is hankering after the fleshpots of Freudianism.

Mazlish sees the career of the Mills, father and son, as a prototype of the 19th-century generation gap. There is a grain of truth to this, but no more, and in any case he never gets past the stage of laying down some loose analogies (he compares James Mill, for example, with Turgenev's Bazarov) which do not cohere into a solid thesis.

The book is simply too diffuse. It ranges back and forth from the 1770s to the 1970s, alighting on dozens of disparate topics from demography to tuberculosis, from Frantz Fanon on colonialism to G. Stanley Hall on masturbation. To cover all this territory Mazlish naturally has to resort to generalizations, some of which are sloppy if not absurd. He tells us that by and large Western European parents ignored their children until the later 18th century. He observes that "With both the Puritan and the Romantic, the child is more symbol than reality. In the former case he represents original sin; in the latter original innocence." One expects better of a professional historian.

In the "Acknowledgments" Mazlish thanks his "personal editorial mentor" at Basic Books for his help and counsel. But the book shows many lapses. "Thusly" and "*Weltanschauungs*" passed uncorrected, along with misprints and malapropisms. The growths of social science jargon are luxuriant enough at times to choke the text. He permits such elephantine touches as heading the section on James Mill's *Elements of Political Economy* with the title "Elementary, My Dear Watson."

Finally, it should be noted that this book costs (counting the sales tax) almost $20. In these dark times the reader in search of sound information is advised to keep his money and look up Michael St. John Packe's superb *Life of John Stuart Mill* in the library. □

He Thinks People Are Human

THE CAMBERWELL BEAUTY AND OTHER STORIES. *By V.S. Pritchett. Random House. 211 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Asked a few years back to comment on his work, V.S. Pritchett, equally distinguished as a writer of fiction, criticism, essays, biography and travel, confessed to valuing his short stories most. It is not surprising. His marriage to the genre—for it he abandoned even the novel—has been going on for nearly fifty years, and *The Camberwell Beauty and Other Stories*, the ninth collection to date, shows not only how valuable but how happy and durable the marriage has been.

Like the scores of other stories in his previous collections, those in *The Camberwell Beauty*—even the few that run a trifle thin—bear the unmistakable mark of Pritchett, a man with a gift for ironic comedy, humane, and endowed with an economical, colloquial style. Pritchett's rhetoric is as good as his sources. Should he happen to waver in invention, he can fall back on his native canniness ("The marriage was one of those prickly friendships that never succeed . . . in turning into love, but are kept going by curiosity"); should mother-wit fail, he can buoy up the story with the handy flotsam of detail ("I looked at the sofa . . . and thought of grabbing her and pulling her down there. What made me hesitate was the crumpled bag of toffees on it"); and should all miscarry—as seldom happens—Pritchett saves all with scalpel-sharp incisions into character (" 'I know you are a very busy man,' she said. 'Thank you for sparing a minute for an unknown person.' She looked formidably unknown." Or: "He had often heard of passion. He had often been told of it. He had seen it in opera").

Even when a Pritchett story does not altogether work either as a tidy fictional bundle or as a slice of life, it is generally amusing and instructive. But when all the elements of Pritchett's alchemy are working, he turns the mundane and the eccentric, the normal and the bizarre into something magical. To my way of thinking this happens twice in *The Camberwell Beauty*: once in the title story (perhaps because it is the longest), and again in "The Lady from Guatemala."

The first of these, narrated by a young London antique dealer, recounts his first lessons in the cutthroat and incestuous trade ("dealers only really like dealing among themselves"). His mania to find a "specialty . . . the thing a man would commit murder to get his hands on if he had the nerve," is soon translated to a dark, fragile beauty named Isabel, the adopted daughter of Twice-Five August, a dealer in the Bath Road, whose lust for ivory is surpassed only by his lust for Isabel. Failing to attain a specialty, the young man also fails to acquire the girl who, mysteriously and unaccountably, is discovered to have married a third dealer, an old dodderer named Pliny. Thereafter, Isabel is kept locked up in the shop where she beats a drum and blows a bugle to keep away "August's men," and sinks day by day into feeble-mindedness.

"The Camberwell Beauty" is remarkable because it expresses the pathos of those who, living to collect, are themselves dehumanized and collected. Mrs. Price, once "handsome in a big-boned way" but now "swollen into a drudge,"

Robert Morris' most recent book is a study of V.S. Naipaul, Paradoxes of Order, *to be published by the University of Missouri Press.*

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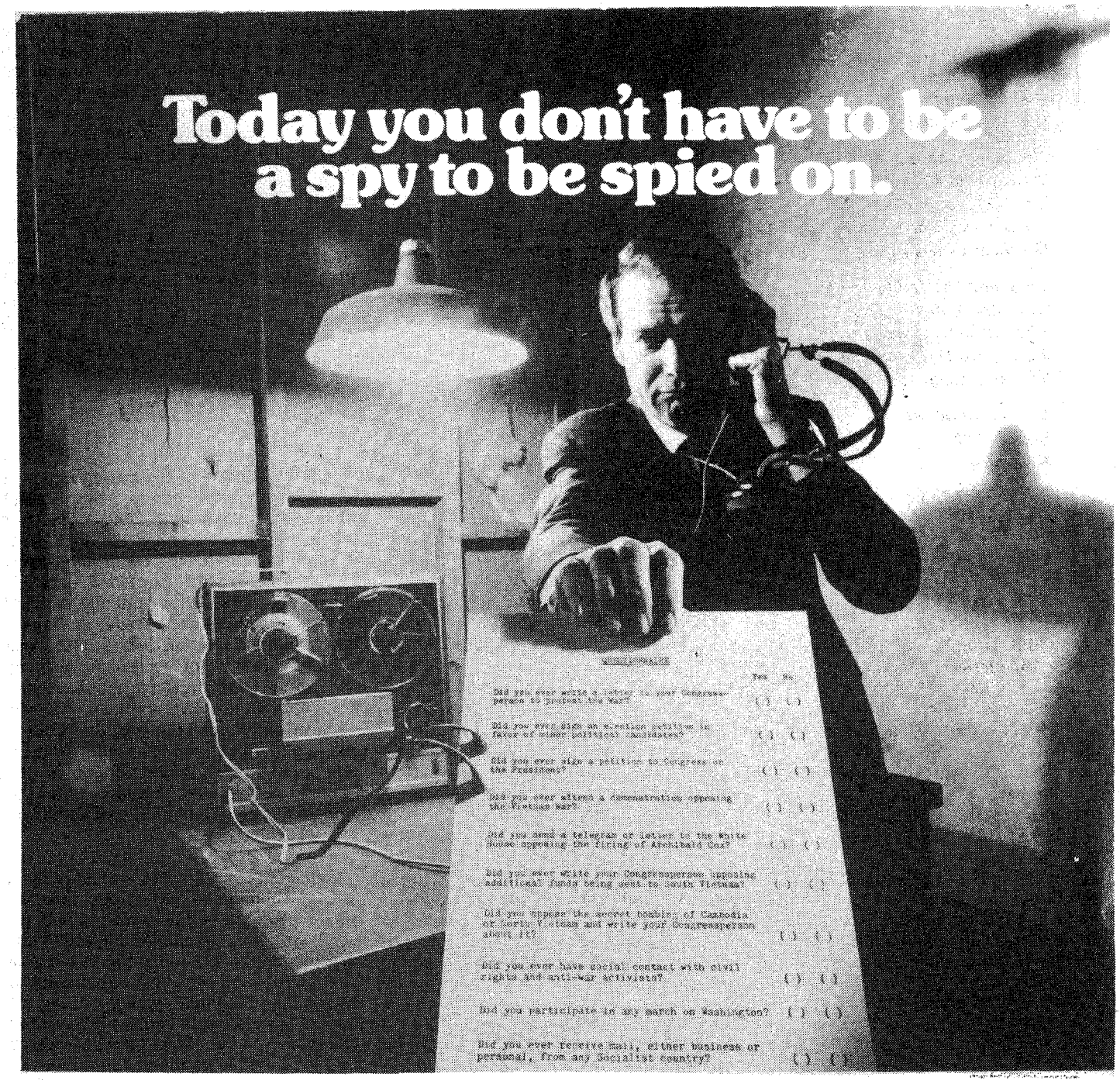
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Did you ever sign an election petition in favor of other political candidates? ( ) ( )
Did you ever sign a petition to Congress or the President? ( ) ( )
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3. The immediate release of all files on American citizens illegally obtained by the CIA, FBI, or any other intelligence gathering agency, and the return of such files to said citizens.

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has tried making August "her work of art"; and Pliny partially suceeds, we never quite know how, at changing Isabel into an extension of his Meissen porcelain. One of Pritchett's themes—destroying what is alive and beautiful by locking it up—is somewhat reminiscent of John Fowles's neat little horror tale, *The Collector*: doubly so since "The Camberwell Beauty" is also a species of butterfly, and one remembers the priggish villain of *The Collector* as having been an amateur lepidopterist before turning kidnapper.

Yet while both writers are expert at transforming the idiosyncratic into the symbolic (a trick learned from Dickens), Pritchett, unlike Fowles, seldom appears to have any palpable design upon us. His themes seem to evolve less from the real conflict between two people than from the illusion that such conflict exists at all. Fowles, proclaiming that the substance of the world inspires his fiction, allows Clegg to murder Miranda; Pritchett, showing how dubious or protean are behavior and the solid stuff of life, allows his narrator to murder illusion. Pritchett's technique is singular, for once illusion is dead his characters are more intriguing than explicable. We never understand Pritchett's characters as well as we experience them—though it is precisely these unresolved ambiguities that sustain the comic tone of the stories which, even when heavily weighted with pathos, never tip over into tragedy.

In "The Last Throw," for example, a woman historian who writes a popular novel on the Albigensian heresy, commits a private heresy of her own by manufacturing an upper-class pedigree and inheritance for herself in order to marry a wealthy and vapid adviser to the Foreign Office. She subsequently runs through his fortune, bilks her ex-boy friend and his movie-producer boss out of a thousand pounds, is discovered to be a fraud by her sister-in-law and ends in a nursing home. Yet against Christine's comparatively brilliant subterfuge Pritchett pits the "single passion" of others in the story, driven by self-deception and boredom. "Boredom," declaims the old beau to the sister-in-law, "makes you close your eyes and take the plunge," suggesting that the mistakes in life accrue as much from hanging on to reality as from fostering fancy. The purely comic exploration of this comes in the story called "The Spree," in which a feisty, superannuated old man, off for a day of independence in London, bungles into a company outing, is hustled by bus for a day at the seashore, and meets on it a jolly widow who appeals to him because she is full of life and a stranger, for "since so many friends had died he had become a stranger [too]." His private dream of moving out of his son's home, of taking a house by the sea and of fulfilling his craving for a body—"But dressed. Say, in a flowered dress"—is realized in the widow, though what will come of this momentous meeting remains quietly suspended.

The drawing together of many of Pritchett's thematic threads can be seen in "The Lady from Guatemala." This is basically a story of need and love, and of the disappointment attending them when idealist and realist refuse, until too late, to be disburdened of their illusions about each other. The latter is Julian Drood, a famous editor of a London journal, publicly a man of vision, progress and humanity; privately a vain, punctilious, puritanical snob. Attracted by his liberal, muckraking articles on the mess in Guatemala, Miss Mendoza, "a stump, as square as a box, with tarry chopped-off hair, heavy eyebrows and yellow eyes set in her sallow skin like cut glass," flies from Guatemala to London to hail her champion and induce him to turn his pen to the subject of women's rights. Drood, off on a European lecture tour, finds her turning up in the audiences of each of the major cities he visits. She writes him snatches of an epic poem, calling him "liberator," "god," "love." Finally she signs into his Munich hotel room as his wife. He patronizes her first, then rejects her; but when she goes, leaving behind a doll almost as grotesque as she, Drood realizes she has been the only one in his life to penetrate the armor of his ego, to touch his heart. She is now free; he is now alone.

For other writers this dissolution into pathos might be a convenient termination for a good story. For Pritchett—though the story is ostensibly over—it is a mere beginning. Freeing Miss Mendoza, and moving Drood to realize he has loved no one but himself, are only the necessary mechanics to make the greater revelation possible. Pritchett, of course, has his own ideas about what should be revealed. In learning about life, one should neglect neither the humdrum nor the extraordinary. Like humanists of times gone by, Pritchett advocates a kind of middle road to awareness. Taking a symbolic cue from one of Pritchett's descriptions of Drood, I would say that this middle road, so far as it sets us on the way to becoming social and ethical animals, lies somewhere between being "the satyrlike pagan and shady jealous Christian saint," between excess and Puritanism. Pritchett imposes this vision upon us. But for all his ambiguity about illusion and reality and his delight in being inconclusive, his stories lead us to humanity, not denied but achieved. □

KILLING IN WINTER

No sound the light begins
to fade silting down
through twig and limb
the hunters

stumble over stones guns
turning in the air
like gray antlers

the other deer have vanished
smashed chairs sprawl and bleed

into a freezing stream

Alfred Corn

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DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Lecturing about Bournonville recently, a dance critic named Ebbe Mork said that the Danish choreographer rarely used *glissades* to connect the steps of his combinations. In passing, Mr. Mork remarked that sometimes he thinks the *glissade* is just an excuse in choreography. Having recently seen Martha Graham's *Dark Meadow* for the first time and feeling deeply impressed yet unable to write about it clearly on the basis of a one-time viewing, I found Mork's comment especially pertinent. *Dark Meadow* has no *glissades*; that is, it has no glue, no sags, no fat. Density of construction is what accounts for its illogical buoyancy —illogical because the weight of many of the steps pushes down through the pelvis into the floor, and because the episodes for one of the characters are almost lumbering. (Later, upon reading the program, I was relieved to learn that this character is called She of the Ground.)

Some sort of theme is attached to *Dark Meadow*. A sure giveaway is the central duet for the female lead (called One Who Seeks) and a scarf. In Graham's work, the woman-with-scarf dance is often the thematic, psychological, theatrical nub of the ballet. In *Dark Meadow* the scarf, endlessly unfurling and entwined between the seeker's legs with ingenious variety, suggests journey, sexual discovery and, I'm sure, many other

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things. Yet it is possible, and desirable, I think, to look at *Dark Meadow* as though it were a pure-dance work. As such, it seems to be a perfect exposition and summing-up of the Graham vocabulary, an example of the choreographer in complete control of her language. Besides density, *Dark Meadow* has a built-in momentum. Energy feeds on itself and produces more energy. *Diversion of Angels*, performed on the same program, is exhilarating because Graham hurtles platoons of dancers across the stage in "exhilarating" steps. It is an attractive but easy device. The energy in *Dark Meadow* is more implosive. Momentum has nothing to do with speed or amount of space covered, everything to do with the relationships between steps. Since their connections are not cushioned with *glissades* and the like, each step and each phrase assumes a self-contained and inviolate identity. Yet they feel inevitably linked in a web. One could say that the steps in *Dark Meadow* exist as perfect marriages or, better yet, as perfect conversations. Much has been said about the *theatre* of Martha Graham, but *Dark Meadow* shows one that the power implied by that noun is first and foremost dance power.

I'd like to write more concretely about this ballet. Were there justice in the world, my chance would have come this June, when the Graham company was to have had a New York season featuring a revival of *Dark Meadow* as well as *Lamentation* and *Frontier*, two famous solos. Instead, there is to be a gala benefit for the company on June 19 with none other than Fonteyn and Nureyev. How ecumenical can you get? A proper New York season in a proper theatre is too expensive right now, and so the greatest "dance capital of the world" must miss out on what Ames, Iowa, Kansas City, Mo., University Park, Pa., etc., are privileged to see. I saw *Dark Meadow* in a high school auditorium in Great Neck, N. Y., the first stop of the spring tour. The auditorium is true to its type—cinder-block drab. Graham has never been a party to the dancing-in-the-loft attitude toward living. If dancing is the divine act Graham claims it is, then one greets the gods in a dignified, happy place and in one's best clothes. Nothing could have been more antithetical to her style of operation than a performance in the brutally dull "theatre" in Great Neck. It could have been an unbearably poignant situation as well. Guess what. The company never looked more elated, more powerful or more glamorous.

The José Limón Dance Company gave a two-week season, ending April 12, at the Harkness Theatre, which is not on the Great White Way but operates at Broadway prices and rubs elbows with Lincoln Center. The problem is that, right now, the Limón group is not in the big time. Most of the dancers are dutiful but immature. One poof from the audience and they'd blow away. Sensing this possibility is anathema to Limón's statuesque, architectonic concept of choreography and of mankind. Unless the dancers' movements really do "sound" like cellos, Limón's ballets, especially the lyrical, abstract ones such as *There Is a Time*, *Missa Brevis* and *Choreographic Offering* feel inflated and pompous, more well-meaning than grand. Weightier dancers, dancers whose movements gain resonance as they roll up the spine and into the arms, could certainly clarify Limón's intentions. But whether they could cleanse the ballets of their rhetoric—their man-as-Michelangelo posturings—is best left a rhetorical question for the time being.

And then there's the problem of ascension to the crown. Now that Limón is dead, who will dance the roles he made for himself? The question is pressing because several of the ballets fall flat without a good leading man. However, the question is delicate and must be posed in the right way to be useful. Those who now make the biggest fuss about ascension—and those who did when Graham ended her dancing career in the late 1960s—are really asking, by implication, whether the great roles in modern dance are merely springboards for personality, containing neither an objective style nor technique transmittable to others. Subversive questions, these. Assuming the best, that the virtue of Limón's choreography is in the steps and not in his heart, the company's problem is not that leading parts in *Emperor Jones*, *The Traitor* and *Missa Brevis* are uncastable, but that the one who has been charged with them, Clay Taliaferro, is not a very good dancer. In the name of intensity, presence, grandeur and what have you, he thrashes about and breathes heavily. He does not seem to be able to connect the extremities of his body to his center. In fact he has no center, just mass and height. The latter attribute he shares with Limón, and I think it's that physical coincidence that won him the job.

Far more important problems face the Limón company. Are there enough good Limón ballets to support a repertory? Will the intention of reviving old works by Doris Humphrey, Limón's mentor, sufficiently bolster the Limón canon? If there are to be new ballets, where will they come from? With questions like that, best to delay the answers for as long as possible. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

I want to prepare *Nation* readers for a forthcoming exhibition of unusual interest, but one that will be on for only a weekend. It is "A Decade of Political Posters by American Artists, 1965-1975," and it will be held at 392 West Broadway from Friday, May 16th to Sunday, the 18th (hours, 11 to 6). It is in SoHo, on street level, under the John Gibson Gallery. The show is part of a fund-raising effort for the Attica legal defense. What happened is this. A group of prints by well-known artists had been projected, the sale of which would raise funds for the defense lawyers. As it stands, Frank Stella has produced a poster, rather than a print, and Claes Oldenburg has a lithograph in preparation. Of the other artists approached, Roy Lichtenstein and Alexander Calder gave works to be sold, Romare Beardon made a cash contribution, and Robert Rauschenberg expressed his willingness to make a print. The purpose of the present exhibition is to raise money to meet the costs of printing the Stella and the Oldenburg, with any profits going directly to Attica.

The "Decade" exhibition is therefore a step toward the realization of another project, but it has more than interim significance. The first survey of the political imagery of artists of the past ten years, it reveals, in definite contours, tendencies that have been persistent but scattered. There are three sources of dissenting posters: regular poster designers, whose statements range from scatological cartooning to the ecological-psychedelic; lay artists, driven to protest by circumstances, such as the makers of the *affiches de mai* in Paris,

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1968; and artists. One reason for sanguine expectations, as far as fund-raising goes, is the fact that the "Decade" posters *are* by artists. They are for sale, including a hitherto unknown suite of prints by the sculptor Tony Smith, "Art For Peace," done in 1967.

In 1967 a portfolio (in an edition of 100) was published by the Artists and Writers Protest Against the War in Vietnam, the first group in the art world organized in response to American military action in Southeast Asia. It consisted of six prints and a pamphlet of poems (from David Antin to James Wright). In the prints, Paul Burlin adapted finger painting to simulate smears on a death-chamber wall; Charles Cajori heaped up de Kooning-ish corpses; William Copley did a stars and stripes with the IBM motto "Think" in place of the stars; Alan d'Arcangelo did one of his highway arrows skewered around to point to a patch of red; and Mark de Suvero wrote an indictment of U.S. policy and its results. Rudolf Baranick alone abstained from forcing his style into any sudden relevance. In the "Decade" show one can see other artists who preserved their own style in the new political context. Charles Hinman, Adja Junkers and Mon Levinson, for example, did their ordinary Abstract art, and Louise Nevelson made a photo-collage of her own work. Some artists either cannot incorporate political themes and motifs into their existing style or they believe their style capable of signifying momentous matter allusively.

It is the artists who aim at image making who dominate the "Decade" show. One early piece, by an anonymous artist, shows the U.S. flag with skulls instead of stars, and statistics on genocide making up the stripes. Another flag has the stars blacked out. Faith Ringgold's map of the United States, with lynchings, executions and battles pre-empting the usual place names, is another adversary image. Napalm appears early as a theme, in posters by Jeff Schlanger of ca. 1966, which the artist printed and then posted in the streets himself. A group that called itself A.R.T. 1970 also papered the streets with crude images (skull and tin hat) and accusatory texts ("Only the dead are silent"). A portfolio that I hadn't seen before, "Ten Days to Change the World," was published by the Youth International Party in Miami in 1972. The artists are mostly Pop, including Rauschenberg who, on a visit to Florida three years earlier, had made a series of prints to celebrate a moonshot. He must be the only artist to mint images for both NASA and the Yippies!

It is important to realize that new protest art is not a programmatic political art. (Nor is it aimed at a specific generation, like many of the anti-Nixon posters and "make-love-not-war" posters, which were market-oriented.) These artists' posters have no roots in a purposeful alternative system. In this respect what they do is not like the left-wing art of the 1930s, which assumed the conflict of communism and capitalism. The new phase of American protest, from outcry to complaint, is essentially reactive. It has followed the events of the 1960s and is not buttressed by the theory of deterministic history that communism requires. Though individual artists may believe in historical inevitability, most protest art has been in the form of spontaneous reaction to a series of crises which need not be recounted here, since we have all undergone the same shocks and provocations.

The difference between the two phases of protest (one pre- and one post-World War II) is suggested by America's two senior art critics, both of whom espoused the early phase. Clement Greenberg has applied the deterministic view of history to the art world to show that the sequence of events must issue, if not in communism, at least in Abstract painting. Harold Rosenberg took the revolutionary act off the streets and into the studio; his term "Action Painting" flattered the artist by assigning to him a rhetoric of manly action. The loft became a metaphor for the barricades. However, neither writer has recorded his interest in the new form of art's politicization, and that suggests the different basis of the second phase.

The artists' lack of policy is in contrast to the position of traditional revolutionaries, who have in mind a target, or at least a standard of effective action. What protest art in its later phase can do and has done, as this exhibition shows, is to signal the changing relationship of artists and society. The work of art signifies, but it does not effect, change. Recent protest art has altered the content of art by changing what it makes us think about. Admittedly, it is still the audience for art that is being reached, but that is an influential and opinion-making sector of society. To measure protest art by its appeal to an ideal, hypothetical concept of the masses is nostalgic and off the point. The demonstrable fact is that ideas of art are changing and shows like the present one, revealing artists in trigger responses to society, should not be restricted by prior expectations of revolutionary form. Artists are giving us at present a vivid and venomous iconography of the world; the work of art has been penetrated by political imperatives.

Ad Reinhardt, who is celebrated for his admonitory approach to art ("No symbols, images, or signs," etc.) applied it to politics in a print shown in "Decade." It begins, "No war, no imperialism, no murder, no bombing, no napalm," which lists exactly the concerns of the artists in this show, but he slips in a couple of malicious prohibitions, "no art from war" and "no art as war." That is to say, a built-in aestheticism compelled him to declare his detachment as an artist. The other artists in the show, however, are extending the traditional modernist aesthetic precisely toward the heretical positions of "art from war" (topical subject matter) and "art as war" (the adversary stance shaping their iconography). □

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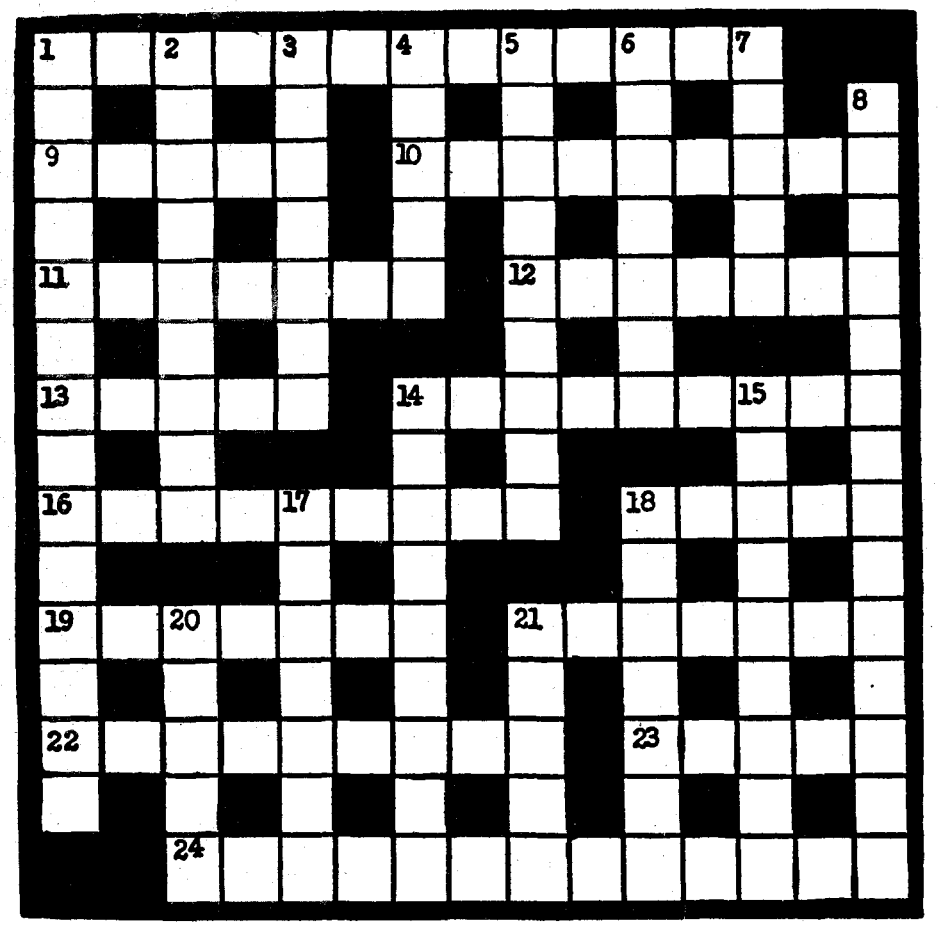
Crossword Puzzle No. 1584

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Does one back a Manchester paper? (8,5)
9 Where one might put the chalk, if acting timely. (2,3)
10 How to make a poor girl die of what is transformed into something more splendid. (9)
11 One-way streets are serious encroachments. (7)
12 See 2 down.
13 Hard-working student, but smooth, perhaps. (5)
14 A green stretch? That's the story of marijuana! (5,4)
16 Where flies would be hard to catch with the lights out. (5,4)
18 Puts up notices for jobs at the station? (5)
19 Eggs for an insect form about one. (7)
21 One level of tar must make it. (7)
22 Operated with the latest form about it, to go from tongue to tongue. (9)
23 Nine players come back, but that's what might make the joint. (5)
24 High-ranking officers overseas had small fires put out. (5,8)

DOWN

1 A gardener's worry might alarm one more and more. (7,7)
2 and 12 across Sticking to the rules of the game? (9,2,5)
3 One doesn't give up, but I'd heard different! (3,4)
4 He might be on the lookout for sugar, perhaps. (5)
5 An order to take your turn in the ranks? (5,4)
6 They mistakenly take ages to get around his sort, but could prove entertaining. (7)
7 No place for a clerical job. (5)
8 They might be announcements made on the spot. (14)
14 To a large extent, 14 across. (9)
15 Portugal correspondingly might have helped get us into a war. (9)
17 Seasonable instructions? (2,5)
18 A priest might look strange in one of their uniforms. (7)
20 Refuse to ridicule one? (5)
21 Place where Solomon's wife couldn't take a bath. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1583

ACROSS: 5 Answer; 10 Anthill; 11 Wigwags; 12 Arras; 13 Treatment; 14 Irish; 16 Cesspool; 19 Spitfire; 22 Scene; 24 Ricepaper; 26 Inter; 28 Noising; 29 Betoken; 30 Higher; 31 Assesses. DOWN: 1 Dramatic; 2 and 25 Enterprise; 3, 17 and 6 Ships that pass in the night; 4 Nilotic; 7 Whalebone; 8 Resets; 9 and 27 Sweepstakes; 15 Impacting; 18 Herrings; 20 Impugn; 21 Enrobes; 23 and 1 across French dressing.

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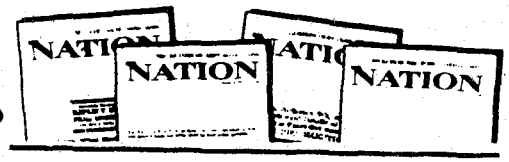

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• **1959** The first published article by a young law student named Ralph Nader appeared in The NATION. Its title? "The Safe Car You Can't Buy." The rest of the media took almost ten years to stop scoffing and start listening.

• **1960** A NATION editorial described how the CIA, with the help of the Guatemalan government, was training Cuban exiles for an invasion of their former country. Despite our warnings to all the major news media, no one believed us. NATION readers were not surprised when the Bay of Pigs fiasco was announced.

• **1961** A special issue of The NATION was devoted to "Juggernaut: The Warfare State" by that ace investigative reporter, Fred J. Cook. It warned of the growing military-industrial complex. Many thought we were unpatriotic, paranoid. A decade later, the war in Southeast Asia and the Pentagon Papers proved otherwise. And in that same year, Fred J. Cook filled another special issue of The NATION . . . this time with a probe called "The CIA." He revealed facts that are only coming to light today. A seething nation now demands investigation. NATION readers knew about the CIA all along.

• **1964** The Senate passed the Gulf of Tonkin resolution empowering Johnson to wage undeclared war on Vietnam. Three dissenting voices were heard: Senator Ernest Gruening, who had formerly been Managing Editor of The NATION; Senator Wayne Morse, a frequent contributor to The NATION's pages; and the editorials of The NATION.

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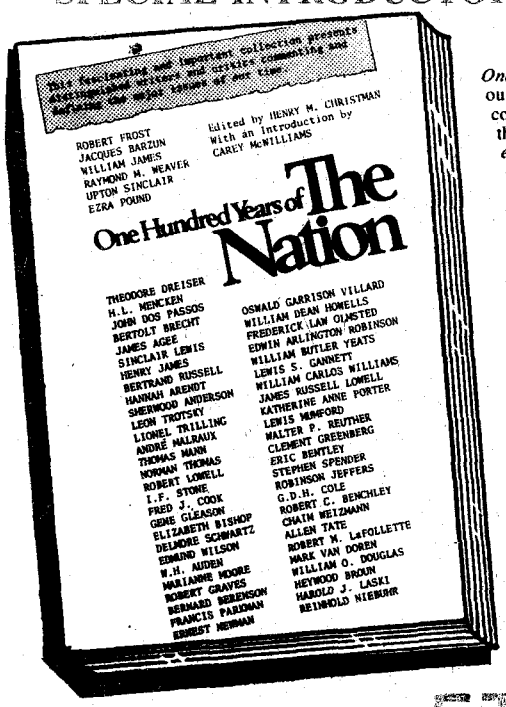

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